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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

We publish in another column a number of letters from Liberal Members of Parliament, representing Moderates of the type of Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, Centre men like Sir James Yoxall, and Radicals like Sir William Byles, generally supporting our recent plea in favor of an amelioration of our relations with Germany. We call special attention to Sir George White's letter. Sir George is one of the most representative men in the House of Commons, and his view is very clear and decided.

THE Chinese rebels have hardly fulfilled this week the promise of their first sudden successes. The capture of the Wuchang Arsenal was a master-stroke, but it has been followed only by the seizure of some towns in the crowded Yangtze Valley, which possess no capital importance from a military standpoint. It is rumored that Nanking has gone over to the Republican movement, but even this city, though a vast centre of trade and population, has not the vital importance of Hankow, the terminus of the railway from Peking. The weak point of the rebel position is that they are not really, as had been supposed, masters of Hankow, and the railway is, apparently, working with little interruption. The first engagement between two small bodies of troops, each about 2,000 strong, was fought there on Wednesday. The result was indecisive, though the heavy casualties

(200 or more on each side) suggest courage and determination. The rebel guns drove the Imperial gunboats to take shelter, while the infantry failed, from lack of ammunition, to take the land fort. There seems to be little doubt that in the first flush of their success the rebels carried out an extensive massacre of Manchus. The foreign settlements are in no danger, though, for some cause unknown, there has been fighting in the streets with a landing party of German blue-jackets. A British Admiral now commands the foreign guardships.

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A "TIMES" telegram from Peking reports that feeling there is decidedly with the rebels. But the Government is acting with some energy and policy. Reinforcements, which will number 20,000 trained men at least, are being promptly despatched by rail to Hankow, and so far these Northern troops appear to be loyal. The Regent has summoned Yuan-Shih-Kai, a Southerner by birth, from his disgrace, and offered him, with many honorific titles, the Viceroyalty of the revolted provinces. Yuan is said to have stipulated for sweeping reforms, and has not yet accepted civil office, though he will command the Imperial forces. An Opportunist, who destroyed the late Emperor's reform schemes and enabled the Dowager Empress to destroy him, not less corrupt than other high officials, he has undoubtedly energy, prestige, the confidence of foreigners, and some vague progressive inclinations. Much is expected from his readiness to support the Court. Meanwhile, we know only of the new movement that it is primarily anti-Manchu and anti-dynastic, with a positive programme of a Republic and the single tax on land. It is assumed, but not certainly known, that Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen, the Socialist Chinese exile, inspires it, and it is believed that it derived its funds from Japanese capitalists.

* * *

On Saturday, the Chancellor gave a brilliant popular exposition of the Insurance Bill, coupled with a fierce counter attack on his critics, and a declaration that he would "stand or fall" with the Bill, which was to go through this year. He ridiculed Mr. Balfour's passion for trade unions and friendly societies, and hinted that though he had labored to make the Bill a non-party measure, the marked hostility of the Opposition would force him to treat it as contentious. The speech has greatly discomposed the Conservative Press, who endeavor to set up afresh their earlier friendliness for the measure.

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MR. GEORGE sketched vividly the wide range of the social benefits of the Bill, suggesting that it covered the three main difficulties of the friendly organisations—the objection of the young and strong to provide for ill-health, the difficulty of keeping up payments, mainly through unemployment and drink, and the frequent bankruptcy of the societies. He gave a very vivid account of the ills of the workman's life in its later stages, when State-aid was especially valuable; declared that if the State did not give 9d. for 4d., it gave at least 8½d., and conceded the point that workers, whether men or women, who earned only 9s. a week should get their insurance for nothing.

THE point of the speech and of the Chancellor's genius for treaty-making was seen in an announcement this (Friday) morning that a final arrangement had been reached between the Government and the Friendly Societies. The Societies, at a mass meeting held at the Albert Hall, have apparently endorsed this attitude, receding from the "boycotting" resolution passed at Edinburgh, and substituting a motion pledging the Societies to co-operate in the working of the Bill. This was carried on a show of hands at the close of the meeting. The basis of the agreement appears to be the Chancellor's acceptance of nine of the eleven minimum demands. To one of them, the dating of benefit from the first instead of the fourth day of sickness, an alternative has been offered and accepted. The Trade Unions also appear to be satisfied, Mr. George having met Mr. Appleton, the Secretary of the General Federation of Trade Unions, on four points of difficulty. The collecting, dividing, and deposit societies are also settled with, and there remain the doctors, who have clearly approached the Chancellor's point of view, and may now accept the Edinburgh plan of administering medical benefits either through the approved societies or the Health Committees.

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THE circle of conciliation now seems to be complete, and there is a clear Government mandate for the Bill. The Chief Whip, therefore, has announced to the Liberal members that the Government have decided to pass the Bill this year, taking all Parliamentary time for that purpose, and setting up a scheme of closure by compartments. He presses for their continuous attendance, an appeal which is the more urgent as the Whips have not full control of the attendance of the two semi-detached parties to the Coalition. We hope this will be responded to, for failure must break both the Government and the Bill. As Part II. is to go to a Grand Committee, the allotment of time should be adequate. The Opposition must make their own choice of method: if they obstruct they merely call down on their heads the odium of their resistance to Old Age Pensions.

* * *

ON Thursday, at Ilfracombe, Mr. Birrell opened the Government's campaign for Home Rule with a statement as to the ground-plan of the Home Rule Bill, though not, of course, of its details. Replying to Mr. Long, he gave the following important sketch of its governing principle:

"Our scheme absolutely involves the setting up in Ireland of a Parliament consisting of two Chambers, with an Executive—that is, a Cabinet of Ministers—responsible to it. It involves that this Irish Parliament shall have full representative powers and control over purely Irish concerns, and that, in considering what those concerns are, we shall be found taking a wide view, our object being to admit a national demand for national responsibility, and to establish yet another Parliament—for there are already a great number in the Empire—subordinate to the Imperial Parliament, which will be an opportunity, I hope and pray and believe, in time to come, to be a training-school for Irish statesmen and for Irish administrators."

Mr. Birrell pleaded—we think wisely—for a "generous" settlement of the financial question, and said of the "religious" difficulty with equal truth and wit, that the people who "got most excited about religion were the people who had none of it."

* * *

THE Lord Chancellor, who is heard too seldom in Liberal politics, made a cheerful speech on the subject of foreign affairs at the Cutlers' Feast at Sheffield on

Tuesday. He insisted that wars were becoming increasingly difficult, especially for highly-organised States, which were most vulnerable to domestic troubles, and risked obliteration through protracted, or unsuccessful, war. Recent experience showed how quickly international hatreds disappeared. As examples, he took three dangerous incidents in our own politics—the Venezuelan difficulty with the United States, the Fashoda dispute with France, and the firing on Grimsby fishing-boats by Russian warships. In the case of these three Powers, ill-will had been changed into friendship, and what had happened so often should happen again and soon. But we are afraid it will not happen in the German example so long as both countries erect against each other the double barrier of policy and armament.

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THE second phase of the Moroccan negotiations promises to be as tedious and stormy as the first. It is believed that France has withdrawn the original offer of West African compensations on which the bargain rested, and substituted something considerably less generous. German circles which affect to know what is happening show some irritation. It is evident that the French Colonial financiers have made a desperate effort to check the disposition of the Foreign Office to make substantial concessions to Germany; the same influences, in short, are at work which nullified the arrangement of 1909 for economic co-operation in Morocco. The Reichstag has met and heard, with some annoyance, that the Chancellor will permit no debate on foreign affairs; the meeting of the French Chamber is, for the same reason, delayed. There is naturally some nervousness, especially in financial circles, and Vienna is amusing itself with a rumor that the annexation of Egypt is imminent.

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THE Ottoman Chamber has met, but the "war" was discussed in secret session, and the Vizier's official speech was notable only for its expression of a wish for more intimate and friendly relations with the Balkan States. How this wish corresponds with the massing of troops near the Bulgarian frontier, to which Bulgaria is believed to be retorting in kind, we do not understand. The relations of the Committee or "Unionist" party with the Opposition appear to be unexpectedly friendly, and they concert their policy in joint meetings. But the impeachment of the late Vizier, Hakkı Pasha, is impending. The Turks are trying as far as possible to depart from what Mr. Stead, with a rather cruel irony, calls their "Quaker" policy. A duty of 100 per cent. has been imposed on Italian imports; expulsions of Italian subjects continue, and Italian trade is suffering more than it is likely to gain for many years from Tripoli. It is rumored that the hero of the revolution, Enver Bey, has reached Tripoli through Egypt, and some attempt will be made to conduct a guerilla campaign.

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THE absence of news from Cyrenaica already causes anxiety in Rome. There are also rumors that the Turkish Fleet may be going out to its doom in the spirit of Admiral Rojdestvensky. The Italian reply is an intimation that if Turkey will accept the annexation she shall have financial compensation; if not, the war will be carried into the Aegean. The terms are harsh, but Turkey has everything to risk by delay. The Powers have sunk into complete inaction, and no efforts to mediate (if they were ever seriously made) are being pursued. Germany tried, or wished the world to believe that she tried. Of Sir Edward Grey's action, if any, nothing whatever is known.

THE patient efforts which the Persian Government has made for two months past to overcome the objection of Russia, backed by Great Britain, to the engagement of Major Stokes to organise the Treasury gendarmerie, have now finally failed. A remarkably unconventional protest has been published by Mr. Shuster, the expert lent to Persia by the United States to re-organise her finances. This Russian coercion, he argues, and the complete acquiescence of Britain in it, signifies that neither Power has any "genuine sympathy with Persian financial reform and national progress." These Powers "deliberately disallow Persian sovereignty to-day, besides foreshadowing partition in the future." The commentary is not too strong, and Mr. Shuster must have despaired of his mission when he made it. By obstructing his work, to which the "Times" correspondent has paid enthusiastic homage, the two Powers expose themselves to the inevitable suspicion that they desire the decay of Persia in order to justify partition.

MR. ROOSEVELT's declaration against Mr. Taft has not as yet appreciably improved the prospects of that rather uninteresting leader. It seems to register the accomplished fact of a complete schism within the Republican ranks. The "Insurgents," who are now known as Progressives, as though already they formed a distinct party, have held this week a well-attended convention, which has nominated Mr. La Follette as their candidate for next year's presidential election. He has every gift of leadership and management, save perhaps the gift of platform rhetoric. The omens point to a sweeping Democratic victory, which would in any event have been probable, even without this division of the Republican vote, and it is practically certain that the whole party will concentrate on Mr. Woodrow Wilson, their ablest and most effective candidate.

THE "Die-Hards," who are trying to revive Toryism under the banner of the most fossilised Tory in England, have had some checks and successes during the week. Their aged President, answering a correspondent of the "Times," who described himself as "One who Served under Disraeli," and who charged the Club with the crime of trying to find "new and vigorous" leaders for Unionism, denies that "any single member of it is actuated by any disloyalty towards the leader of the party." On the other hand, Mr. Maxse's speech at a Club gathering clearly suggests that Mr. Balfour's retirement, voluntary or compulsory, is one of the objects for which the Club exists. The Parliamentary correspondent of the "Times" adds to them theconcerting of "methods of resistance" to Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment. The "Evening Standard" protests that this is merely to take a leaf from the anarchists' hand-book; and, on Home Rule, asks whether a year ago "influential" Unionists were not inclined to "a square deal with Mr. Redmond."

ON Wednesday, Lord Carrington addressed a Congress on Small Holdings in a speech which suggested a varied treatment by his Department of the agricultural problem. Education, scientific research, co-operative distribution and sale, the improvement of transport, and the provision of credit were all to be tried. He gave an optimist account of the working of the Small Holdings Act, saying that 120,000 acres had been acquired, or agreed on, from which 13,000 small holdings had been carved out. The Crown had also been active, having let 7,000 acres in allotments and small holdings. To-day, a quarter of a million people in England and Wales had

holdings of one to fifty acres, in addition to half-a-million holders of allotments. The Development Commissioners were organising education for these men in all the branches of their industry. A great co-operative scheme was on foot, and the formation of credit societies would be helped by grants from the Board of Agriculture.

THE annual convention of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association enables us to form some judgment of its attitude towards the British Preference now that the Conservatives, who have continuously opposed the Preference since 1897, are in power at Ottawa. The position of the Association at the beginning of the new régime at Ottawa was expressed in a resolution which was unanimously adopted by the Convention. In this—one of the most significant resolutions ever adopted by the Association—opposition was frankly and firmly registered to any further concessions to British manufacturers, to any larger measure of Preference than that which was enacted at the revision of the tariff in 1907. The full Preference was in operation from 1900 to 1904. Then the first inroad was made by a large increase in the duties on British woollens at the instigation of the Manufacturers' Association.

WE strongly hope that Sir Edward Grey will not be deaf to Russia's appeal for leave to export part of her great surplus of sugar. Indeed we do not see how, in face of the great need of our people, he can possibly refuse to back it. We are, it is true, a party to the insane Convention which limits her exports of sugar to 200,000 tons a year. But in 1908 the British Ministry put in an explicit reserve that our general assent to the Protocol did not cover the stipulation as to the restrictions on the import of Russian sugar. Clearly the time has come for energetic British action for Russia's relief—and our own.

LORD ROSEBERY, in opening the new buildings of the Mitchell Library at Glasgow, made a speech deplored its uselessness and that of all great collections of books. All of them, he insisted, were mere cemeteries of dead volumes. Only a few books out of millions were alive or half-alive. The stream of new books drowned the modern student, and even Lord Acton, who digested "one thick octavo volume every day of his life," would have been paralysed before the Mitchell Library. The present appetite for books must be governed by "discrimination," and that, again, required "guidance," which librarians, that "new and high profession," alone could supply. This is bad hearing for the librarian of the British Museum.

CALIFORNIA has adopted Woman's Suffrage on a popular Referendum by a majority of some thousands, a hostile vote in San Francisco having been overcome by a large over-plus in the country districts. There the chief of the Pacific States has closely followed the lead of Washington, and if the Referendum succeeds in Kansas, seven States of the Union will be Suffrage States. It is important to know that the powerful and very bad influence of the Southern Pacific Railroad, which has so long dominated California, was used against the women, so that their victory represents the first step in the gradual amelioration of State politics. Mrs. Humphry Ward, criticising the event in the "Times," claims that the prestige of the woman's vote has been ruined in America by the fact that in Colorado, the only State legislature with women members, the four women voted for a Bill legalising race-track gambling.

Politics and Affairs.

A POLICY OF DISENTANGLEMENT.

THE letters which we publish to-day from typical Liberal members of Parliament are a sufficient indication of the general desire for such a change in our European policy as will guarantee peace and liberate this country from the tyranny of expenditure. We have no desire, nor, we think, have our correspondents, to pass any acrimonious criticism on the past conduct of foreign affairs. It is generally recognised that Sir Edward Grey has had a difficult position to face, and that he has had to deal with it on the basis of engagements and understandings bequeathed to him by his predecessors. The question is not who is to blame for the past, but how to deliver the country, and, one may say, Europe at large, from a situation of increasing danger. For this purpose we have to look very frankly at the source of the danger, to consider how we arrived at the present position, and what that position precisely is. Seven years ago we entered into an understanding with France which was universally welcomed in this country for two reasons. On the one hand, by sweeping away a whole cobweb of disagreements and suspicions it set peace between two great neighboring Powers on an assured basis. On the other, it suggested the possibility of cordial understanding and co-operation between the two most powerful representatives of Liberal and humane ideas. But, unfortunately, in international relations it is difficult to halt at any fixed point. Ties tend, as it were, of themselves, either to grow stronger and more intimate, or to slacken and finally to give way. In the present case, without making any assumptions as to surer understandings, we all know that the *Entente* has tended to develop into an alliance, that this alliance tended from the nature of the case to include Russia as a third party, and, as an equally inevitable consequence, to check and counter the hopes and ambitions of Germany. At this point we got into a vicious circle. Germany resented the processes of "hemming in," and set to work to create a first-rate navy. We took alarm, doubled our own building, drew closer to our allies and friends, served the interests of one in Morocco and of the other in Persia, to no profit of our own, and to the great injury of that cause of freedom and nationality which it is a British tradition to respect and encourage. We have, in short, forfeited our freedom of action. We came, as is now matter of common knowledge, within measurable distance of war—a great and desolating war, which might have scourged Europe from the Danube to the Seine—in support of a French advance in Morocco, which is commended to us by considerations neither of humanity nor of British interests. But we were not free to hold back. We were entangled in a Continental association. At this moment it would be to our interest to co-operate warmly with Germany in preventing Italy from carrying naked lights about in the European powder-magazine. But how can we co-operate effectively with Germany? We are involved in bonds which prevent us from acting in freedom for our own interests or for the common good of Europe. Finally, we are trying to cope with the

urgent problem of poverty. But we cannot repeal the food taxes, nor adequately finance our schemes of relief, because the money is mortgaged to Dreadnoughts, and it is mortgaged to Dreadnoughts because we are entangled in the schemes of alliances which divide Europe into two camps.

Experience has shown that it is useless to go to Germany with proposals for the limitation of armaments. Limitation of armaments is not what Germany wants. She regards us as the corner-stone of the wall that is closing her in. She desires expansion, and we block her way. So far, indeed, have we been successful that anti-German feeling in this country has died down, and the feature of the day is the anti-British feeling among Germans. We have not to ask whether Germany's ambitions are wise or unwise. This is a matter for her statesmen and her people. What concerns us is that the system of alliances into which we have been drawn by the fear of Germany is the very source of whatever danger threatens us from Germany. Germany is embittered against us because she finds us in her way. But we block her way to serve no interests of our own. We are serving the interests of others, and if we confined ourselves to our own affairs our power would appear to the Germans no longer either as an obstacle or as a menace.

But it may be said we are loyally bound to France. In plain language and in disregard of all diplomatic niceties, it may be said we bought Egypt from her at the price of Morocco. Well, if that be so, we have delivered the goods. With the conclusion of the Moroccan agreement, we shall have performed our part in the bargain. The transaction is finished, and, for the future, we may let France understand that, if she wants territory or commercial privileges, she must fight her own battles. We are free, and should use our freedom, relying on our own strength if we are attacked. This is not to say that we are never to take part in the affairs of Europe or of Asia. It is not even to say that our support would necessarily be withheld from France if she were subjected to such a wanton attack as that from which Turkey is now suffering. It is to say simply that we should be perfectly free to consider any such case on its merits. No European ally can do anything material for our safety. No amount of concessions in Central Asia would induce Russia to intervene in an Anglo-German war, if her own interests at the moment did not compel her to do so. No diversion from the side of France could save us if we lost the command of the sea. In a Europe which has become so cynical as to tolerate the Tripoli expedition, every country must be aware that it holds its own by the force which it can command; but if it is wise, it does not use that force in menace. Now, not only is our force sufficient for our defence, but, from our position, it is only our own force on which we can seriously rely. Our alliances or understandings afford us the minimum of contingent security, while they are the cause of constant and real danger—of the sacrifice of national interests abroad, or of the waste of our resources at home. Should we resume our freedom of action, the European situation would automatically clear itself. The tension felt in every capital

would be relaxed, and we should once more be at liberty to consider our own interests abroad, and to devote our revenues to the promotion of progress at home. What we need is nothing mysterious or novel, it is simply a reversion to the traditional policy of British statesmanship, the policy of the free hand. This does not involve a narrow or ignoble isolation. It does not prevent us from intervening where and when we think intervention desirable. It prevents us from being entangled in the system of Continental alliances which carry us we know not whither; it liberates us from the camps of hostile armies, and from the risk of quarrels in which neither our interests nor our honor are engaged.

THIRD THOUGHTS ON THE INSURANCE BILL.

A GREAT and complicated measure of reform like the Insurance Bill, with a brilliant personality behind it as a driving force, is apt to pass through three phases of popular judgment. Upon its first projection, only its main character and central purpose are comprehended, and, if these appear to carry a generous measure of advantage, a spontaneous welcome is accorded, party criticism is suspended, and all seems the plainest of sailing, in the smoothest of seas. But a period of closer inspection supervenes. No measure can possibly be quite so just, so generous, so reasonable as this appeared. Organised interests are affected, beneficially or detrimentally; timid, suspicious, and merely querulous criticism begins to gnaw and tear the measure. The gains are not so large as they loomed at first, they are not equally distributed, and serious and well-informed critics scan and fear the weak points of the measure. Other objects, not covered by the Bill, are bloated into supreme importance, in order to disparage the proposals. Every force of jealousy, envy, and honest doubt is stirred into activity. Piecemeal criticism rakes the Bill; its singleness of purpose, its corporate virtues, are disregarded. Even the efforts of its friends to improve it in detail are misrepresented as hostility, and the number and potency of its enemies are wilfully exaggerated, so as to convey the impression that a proposal which has roused so much hostility from so many quarters must be impracticable.

But when a measure contains great and solid benefits, it will weather this critical storm. A period of sober third thoughts will restore to it a popularity, if less ecstatic, yet more intelligent and more enduring than that which greeted its first appearance. We freely confess that it looked at one time as if the hostility of the Friendly Societies and the Medical Profession, together with the growing coldness of Labor leaders, would render the passage of the complete Bill impracticable. Indeed, had the Government showed any sign of weakening, had Mr. George abated one jot of his prodigious confidence, enthusiasm, and tactical energy, the third period of sober judgment might never have been reached. Mr. George's splendid vindication of the merits of the Bill at the Whitefield Tabernacle has done

not a little to rebuke his critics, and to re-establish a saner standard of judgment for his measure. But not even the personal magnetism of the Chancellor could have saved the Bill, had not other forces of mature reflection been setting in its favor. The firm mind of the Labor Party and of the Trade Unions was slow to express itself in fixed judgment. But both have now taken a pretty strong hand in support of the Bill. Though a few of their more critical members have ranged themselves with the intransigent wing of the Socialists in vehement opposition to a contributory scheme, the sober sense of almost all the trusted leaders of the people has brought them to recognise that this great scheme of public health will confer substantial benefits upon the mind, body, and estate of the organised workers of this country. After much wavering and some hostile views and demonstrations, the Friendly Societies have yielded to the Chancellor's witching diplomacy and adaptive skill, have accepted the Bill, and apparently promised to endorse and work it. Opposition from the Friendly Societies has always seemed to us ill-advised. Their members must be immense gainers, not merely by receiving in benefits a large share of the seventeen millions contributed by employers and the State, but by the assistance which the support and supervision of the State will give to their finances. Those who dwell on the superiority of voluntary over compulsory insurance, who deprecate the interference of the State, and assert that the Friendly Societies can invest and administer their funds more advantageously than the State, ignore the salient fact of the present situation, the insecurity of working-class thrift. Mr. George did well to remind his audience that in the valuation for 1905 there were no fewer than 1,139 societies which had a deficiency in their accounts, as compared with 455 which had a surplus. Voluntary thrift, upon the whole, had been proved to be very wasteful and very insecure; this is shown by the immense numbers of lapsed members, as well as by the multitude of societies wound up every year with practically no assets. The fact that the formation and maintenance of these essentially rotten societies will be impossible in the future is one of the greatest and least recognised merits of the scheme. The contention that even the best societies can invest money, at once as productively and as securely as the State, amounts to saying that the credit of any of these societies is as good as that of the State, a palpably absurd supposition. The whole business of insurance naturally gravitates to the State by virtue of the inherent superiority of public to private credit, and this measure is one salutary step in this right direction. The increasing indirect control which the State must gradually acquire, even over that portion of the insurance fund which, representing members' contributions, remains in the hands of the Friendly Societies, will prove highly beneficial to the finance of the societies. The confident statement made this week by the Grand Master of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, may be taken as sufficient evidence that nearly every branch of working-class co-operation has now been brought into support of the Bill. If, as we also learn, the minimum demands of the medical men have been fairly met, the only real difficulties that still beset the measure

are those connected with its Parliamentary course. But though certain expressions of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Long may support the view that the generally favorable attitude of the Opposition is to be replaced by one of obstruction and hostility, this change of tactics is only intelligible on the assumption that the Bill, after it is passed, is going to prove unpopular. Opposition in the Commons will not succeed; it will consolidate the forces of Liberalism and Labor, and in view of Mr. Balfour's attitude, the decision to treat the Bill in compartments under a time limit is one which the party will, we think, firmly support. And if the Opposition is really aiming at a later electoral advantage from the unpopularity of the measure when it comes into force, this object is inconsistent with effective obstruction.

If there are Liberals and Radicals who fear that the measure may really prove unpopular with the constituencies, the considered judgment of the working-class organisations should reassure them. The somewhat rhetorical claim for the Bill, that it gives 9d. for 4d., may not indeed stand close criticism. For it assumes that no part of the contribution or expenses of administration borne by the State will fall upon the wage-earners in their capacity of taxpayers, and that under no circumstances will employers be able to shift part of their contribution on to their employees in reductions of wages. No such assumption is warrantable. It is impossible to ensure that, amid the ceaseless fluctuations of profits and wages, the proportion of the contributions ascribed respectively to capital and labor will be maintained alike in all trades and at all times. Nor, until working-class consumers are relieved of the present food-taxes, is there any security that they may not bear in rising prices some share of the new State burden, in addition to their individual contributions. Other risks, difficulties, and deficiencies may also be cited. Among the workers at present uninsured, there will doubtless be grumbling when first they are told by their employer that 4d. is to be stopped out of their wages at a time when prices of foods have risen and are straining the family income. The weaker members of the working-classes who are forced into the Post Office Scheme will nurse the further grievance that they are getting less out of the insurance scheme than their better-to-do brethren. Women-workers, though getting upon the whole more benefits out of the scheme in proportion to their contributions than men-workers, will chafe at certain inequalities and omissions in the administration of their benefits, particularly in the exclusion from the State contribution of 2d. of women who work as housewives and mothers.

But this dwelling upon defects, which can and will be remedied, as the larger policy of which this is a first instalment is pursued, will not be the general and representative judgment of the working-classes. As soon as the law comes into operation, the solid benefits of the secure income during sickness, the choice of doctors, the relief from heavy medical expenses, the sanatoria, the maternity benefits, will begin to make their impression upon thousands of working-class homes. The grumbling at genuine defects in the Bill and at the hard pressure of the personal contribution from the low-wage workers

will evaporate before a concrete realisation of the physical gains and the diminished anxiety which, as the scheme expands and improves under criticism and experiment, the Insurance Bill is destined to provide.

THE NATIONALISM OF CHINA.

THERE can be little doubt that the rebellion which has broken out in Southern China, with watchwords so audacious and a strategy so daring in its first essays, is a menace to the Manchu ascendancy more formidable than anything that has occurred since the Taiping Civil War. It is inevitable that the memories of that singular movement should crowd about us to-day. What was essential in the Taiping revolt was never extirpated, and then, as now, it was the contact with the West which fired the enduring nationalism of the Chinese. The final failure of that earlier rebellion, the degeneration which corrupted its prophets and generals in the last phases of the struggle, the incredible devastations which it wrought and occasioned, have rather obscured its better purposes and its hopeful origins in the summary judgments of the West. We are apt to forget that it represented a crude, progressive impulse, that it broke boldly with the traditional past, that it drew some of its teachings from a half-understanding of Christian doctrine, and, above all, that it affirmed the claim of the Chinese people to a national existence, after three centuries of foreign rule. The same forces have made the rebellion of to-day. It marks a violent break with the conservative past; it is the fruit of a contact more prolonged and less superficial with Western thought; but, first and last, it is once more a bold assertion of Chinese nationality.

There has never, we suppose, been a time when the Chinese were inclined to forget the humiliation of the Manchu conquest. They have always regarded the ruling caste with a singular mixture of fear and contempt, proud of their own intellectual superiority, tenacious of their native culture, and happy to idealise the glorious history of their native rulers. The Manchus have never blended with their subjects, and until two years ago policy and racial pride had rigorously forbidden intermarriage. Three causes have sapped their ascendancy. Their prestige has been shaken by defeats in the field and foreign invasion. The modern art of war has stripped them of the one monopoly to which they owed their power. The contempt of the ultra-civilised Chinese *literati* for the trade and prowess of the soldier has dissolved under the influence of Japanese and European aggressions. It is the Chinese and not the Manchus who have acquired the new science of mechanical fighting. And, finally, the cement of superstition—to use a rough word of a system so venerable—is dissolving, and with it the religious power of the dynasty. Some ferment of scepticism must have preceded any revolt against the Manchu dynasty. These are recondite matters which competent scholars will, no doubt, explain for us.

But we imagine that any anti-dynastic movement in China must necessarily be anti-religious. The Taipings had their own entirely heterodox faith, a new

religion, which the eighteenth-century would have styled "enthusiastic." We hear nothing of any similar teachings among the rebels of to-day, and we suppose that their tendency must be to some form of free thought. The dynasty, alien and usurping though it was in its origins, had none the less placed itself at the apex of the whole system of ancestor worship. The Emperor was, in some sense, theocrat as well as autocrat. He served the heavens as each good householder serves the spirits of his family. He was the pivot of a nice organism of natural and magical forces, and disaster to earth and sky must have followed any interruption in the ritual which he alone could perform. It is not easy to conceive a rebellion—above all, a Republican rebellion—unless the mass of the educated middle-class, at all events, in Southern China, has consciously abandoned this burdensome inheritance and lightened its soul of a vast load of spiritual baggage. The rebellion as a military adventure may succeed or fail. The immense and significant fact is that the Chinese have rebelled, not merely against the Manchus, but against the mental chains which had kept them subject. When all is over, it is possible that a Manchu child will still sit on the throne. But a theocrat will no longer reign in Pekin. The struggle, which is doubtful and undecided, is the issue between North and South, between the conscious Chinese Nationalists of the Yangtze Valley and the drilled official Chinese who will obey the Manchu Court, between the wholly emancipated generation which accepts Sun-Yat-Sen for its leader, and the Opportunist half-educated generation represented by Yuan-Shih-Kai. One party or the other may triumph. But if the Manchu dynasty survives, it will be at the price of sweeping reforms, and its continuance will rest no longer on superstition but on policy, backed by a superior use of the common weapons of Western organisation and Western science. In any event this rebellion marks the beginning of the modern epoch in China more decidedly than the false dawn which declared itself for a hundred days under the brief influence of Kang-Yu-Wei, and more boldly than under the gradual preparations for constitutional government inaugurated by the Dowager-Empress.

It would be an impertinence to attempt at this stage to cast the horoscope of the new movement. The bare elements necessary for a judgment are still unknown. Has the more radical party, led by Sun-Yat-Sen, amalgamated with the more numerous and more moderate party led by Kang-Yu-Wei? Is the unrest in Szechwan, which seemed to be local in its causes, in any way connected with the main rising? How far are the disciplined troops, which may have mutinied from professional grievances, prepared to march under the audacious banner which their political leaders have unfurled? Will the Northern army, which is supposed to be moving down the Peking-Hankow railway, composed, as it is, of the same discontented Chinese material, face a Chinese army in the field in the Manchu cause? It will be strange if the destinies of hundreds of millions of human beings are settled by a few battles between little armies of professional troops that barely muster 50,000 men between them. Yet what part can these millions—untrained, unarmed, unwarlike by the habit of

prejudice and long centuries of peaceful civilisation—take in the fray? The Taiping rebellion, at all events, until Gordon came on the scene, was a popular struggle between two hordes of untrained men, which enthusiasm, or loyalty, or the greed of plunder, sufficed to recruit.

With these doubts go others more far-reaching. If the Republicans should win, it will not be because they have the popular sympathy of these necessarily passive millions on their side; it will be because they had the skill to seize an arsenal, and because they will have shown better generalship and better soldiery in the field. Out of such conditions, a Pretorian rule would seem to be a more probable outcome than a republic. Sun-Yat-Sen, we are told, frankly contemplates a five-years period of military dictatorship. Will he and his have the rare civic virtue to obey their own calendar, and will the generals who have won the day be content to yield their power to the civilian inspirers of the revolt? The programme of the new era inspires doubt in its turn. That the Chinese may unite to expel or destroy the Manchus is probable enough. That they would welcome a general scheme of innovation and reconstruction is evident from the conduct of the provincial advisory assemblies, which have been compiling their *cahiers* of grievances and aspirations, as the French departments did before the Revolution. But must not the bold avowal of "Socialism" (which appears to mean the single tax on land) provoke a formidable resistance from all that is wealthy and influential in this mature and materialist community? The Cadets failed in Russia, not because they were Liberals, but because they mixed their constitutional reforms with a vast scheme of land reform. More speculative still seems the project of a Federal Republic. Can the allegiance of a nation reared in theocracy be secured without a personal head, and can the provinces of so vast and various an Empire be held together by a bond so abstract? The commentator of a movement so remote, so novel, so audacious, must content himself at present with asking questions. Meanwhile, it is enough to congratulate the European Powers on their avowed policy of neutrality and abstention. The programme of the rebels is as far as possible from being anti-foreign, and the inevitable disturbance to trade which must result from it is an incidental evil which certainly cannot excuse intervention. The Manchu dynasty has been the cause and the perpetuation of Chinese stagnation, and the Chinese have every claim to our sympathy and goodwill. But the adventure in which they are engaged is perilous in the extreme, and if the struggle is prolonged and the end uncertain, the many treaties by which the Far Eastern Powers have bound themselves to maintain the territorial integrity of China will be called on to bear a strain which treaties have lately carried with indifferent credit. The Young Chinese may learn in their turn what it is to gain a fatherland and lose a province. There are several Bosnias and Tripolis on the fringes of the Middle Kingdom, and China does not need to be told that there are plenty of greedy and unscrupulous claimants for them.

"A FEDERAL UNION WITH IRELAND."

I SHOULD like to answer some questions which have been put to me in reference to the articles which appeared some time since in the NATION on the subject of "A Federal Union with Ireland."*

Q. 1. A distinguished authority has recently said that any Bills passed by an Irish Parliament under Home Rule should be allowed to lie on the table of the English House of Commons, and doubtless also on the table of the English House of Lords before becoming law. Would the Irish people accept that arrangement?

A. Certainly not. That would simply be going back to Mr. Chamberlain's National Councils Scheme. In a conversation with me on the 15th February, 1898, Mr. Chamberlain said with respect to this subject:—

"My idea, as well as I can recollect it, was this: There was to be a Council in Dublin; possibly it would be necessary to have another Council in Belfast, but if possible there was only to be one Central Council. This Council should take over the administrative work of all the boards then existing in Dublin. It might besides deal with such subjects as land, and education, and other local matters."

I said, "When you say the Council should deal with land and education, you mean that it should legislate?"

MR. CHAMBERLAIN—Not absolutely. I "think my idea was that it should take the initiative in introducing Bills, and that it should pass Bills, but that these Bills should not become law until they received the sanction of the Imperial Parliament. If any particular measure was brought in in the Council and passed through the Council, that measure should then be sent to the House of Commons, and be allowed to lie on the table of the House of Commons for, say, forty days, and then, if nothing was done upon it, it would become law." Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1886 went further than this, as we all know. The Irish people will not now accept anything less than that measure at all events. The Irish Parliament under Home Rule must be practically independent within its own sphere. That is the case in Canada, both as regards the Dominion Parliament and the local Legislatures. Mr. Lefroy, in his "Legislative Power in Canada," says:—

"Neither the Dominion Parliament nor Provincial Legislatures are in any sense delegates of, or acting under, any mandate from the Imperial Parliament. When the British North American Act enacted that there should be a Legislature for each Province, and that its Legislative Assembly should have exclusive authority to make laws for the Province and for Provincial purposes in relation to the matters enumerated in Section 92, it conferred powers not in any sense to be exercised by delegation from, or as agents of, the Imperial Parliament, but authority as plenary and as ample within the limits prescribed by Section 92 as the Imperial Parliament, in the plenitude of its power, possessed and could bestow. And so with the Dominion Parliament, with respect to those matters over which legislative authority is conferred, plenary powers of legislation are given as large, and of the same nature, as those of the Imperial Parliament itself."

Q. No. 2. "What check, then, has the Imperial Parliament or Government over the Parliaments of Canada?"

A. I shall take the case of the Imperial Parliament first, and see how far the action of the Canadian Parliament can be or is controlled by Imperial legislation. Mr. Lefroy lays down the following proposition:—

"The powers of legislation conferred upon the Dominion Parliament and the Provincial Legislatures, respectively, by the British North America Act, are conferred subject to the sovereign authority of the Imperial Parliament."

* The articles appeared on March 18th and April 1st, 1911.

The question is, what is the meaning of the words, "the Sovereign authority of the Imperial Parliament." Of course, what the Imperial Parliament gives, the Imperial Parliament can take away; and it may accordingly repeal or amend the British North America Act to-morrow if it pleases. But while that Act is in force, how far can the Imperial Parliament legislate in reference to the internal affairs of Canada? By the 91st Section of the British North America Act "it is declared that (notwithstanding anything in this Act) the exclusive legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada extends to all matters coming within the classes of subjects next hereinafter enumerated" (the subjects are then set out). Do the words, "exclusive legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada," mean that the Parliament can legislate on these subjects excluding the interference of the Imperial Parliament, or does it merely distinguish between the rights of the Dominion Parliament and those of the Provincial Parliaments of Canada itself? The opinion of the Canadian Judge (Chief Justice Draper) should be quoted on this question. He said:—

"Exclusive of what? Surely not of the subordinate provincial Legislatures, whose powers had yet to be conferred, and who would have no absolute powers until they were in some form defined and granted. Would not this declaration seem rather intended as a more definite and extended renunciation on the part of the Parliament of Great Britain of its power over the internal affairs of the new Dominion than was contained in the Imperial Statute of 18 Geo. III., c. 12, and 28, 29, c. 63, s.s. 3, 4, and 5? . . . It appears to me that Section 91 does mention some classes of subjects as belonging 'to the exclusive legislative authority' of the Parliament of the Dominion, which, in part at least, form part of matters coming within some class or classes of subjects, enumerated in Section 92."

Draper's view of the case was supported by some of the Judges, but dissented from by others. I shall quote Chief Justice Hagarty. In *Regina v. The College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario*, the Ontario Court of Queen's Bench held that the Imperial Medical Act, passed in 1868, applied to Canada, and over-rode the provisions of the Provincial Act of 1874 as to the examination of applicants for registration as medical practitioners in Ontario, although the subject of education is placed within its exclusive jurisdiction by the British North America Act.

Chief Justice Hagarty, in giving judgment, said:—

"The case on behalf of the defendants was argued by Mr. Crooks in a very fair and candid spirit, admitting, as, of course, was necessary, with the Federation Act before us, that if the Imperial Parliament distinctly legislate for us they can do so, notwithstanding any previous enactment or alleged surrender of the power of exclusive legislation on any subject. But it was ably urged that as the subject of education was one in which the exclusive right was given to this Province, we should read the subsequent Imperial Act as not interfering with the right so granted. To this, it may be argued, that where the Federation Act speaks of any such exclusive right, it means exclusive 'as opposed to any attempt to legislate by the Dominion Parliament. But it appears to us that the language "is too clear for dispute."

As to the point here referred to, of not construing Imperial Acts as intended to apply to the self-governing Colonies, unless expressly stated, the words of Chancellor Van Koughniet, in the *Ante-Confederation case of Penley v. the Beacon Assurance Co.*, may be cited. He there says:—

"While I admit the power of the Imperial Legislature to apply by express words their enactments to this country, I will never admit that, without express words, they do apply, or are intended to apply. A constitutional government such as we having been liberally given by our Sovereign, is an *imperium in imperio*, which, we know, the higher power interferes with

as little as possible. We are entrusted with all the work of local self-government, with the creation and punishment of offences, with the establishment and maintenance of rights, personal and otherwise, with the construction and constitution of Courts, and the regulation of their jurisdiction and procedure. We cannot, then, suppose that the Imperial Parliament, in conferring in general terms new powers or jurisdiction upon his Majesty's Courts, mean to touch the Courts in Canada. Every year witnesses in the legislature of England some change in the law. The statute containing it does not say in express terms that it shall not extend to the Colonies, and is confined to Great Britain; but surely, notwithstanding that omission, no one would for a moment suppose it in force here."

Judge Moss, in giving judgment in a copyright case, said:—

"It must be taken to be beyond all doubt that our Legislature had no authority to pass any laws opposed to Statutes which the Imperial Parliament had made applicable to the whole Empire."

In reference to the word "exclusive" and the meaning placed upon it, I may quote what Mr. Todd in his "Parliamentary Government of the Colonies," says on the subject.

"The British North America Act of 1867, in distributing the powers exercisable under its provisions, and in vesting 'exclusive' rights of legislation in certain specified matters, either in the Dominion Parliament or in the Provincial Legislatures, has in no respect altered the relation of Canadian subjects to the Imperial Crown or Parliament, or interposed any additional obstacle to prevent Imperial legislation in reference to Canada, in any case of adequate necessity. The term 'exclusive,' as used in the ninety-first and two following sections of that statute, must be understood as defining and apportioning the limits of legislation in Canada between the Dominion and Provincial jurisdictions—not as intended to exclude the right of the Imperial Parliament, at its discretion, to make necessary laws for the welfare and good government of any portion of the Empire."

The trend, then, of opinion is in favor of the view that the Imperial Parliament can legislate even for a self-governing colony; but the tendency of Imperial policy has been to leave these colonies severely alone. Todd says:—

"The Colonial possessions of the British Crown, howsoever acquired and whatever may be their political constitution, are subject at all periods of their existence to the legislative control of the Imperial Parliament. But in practice, especially in the case of Colonies enjoying representative institutions and responsible government, the Mother Country, in deference to the principle of self-government, has conceded the largest possible measure of local independence, and practically exerts its supreme authority only in cases of necessity, or where Imperial interests are at stake."

In 1839, Lord Glenelg, the Colonial Minister, stated the Imperial view in a dispatch addressed to Sir F. B. Head, Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. He said that—

"Parliamentary legislation, on any subject of exclusively internal concern, in any British Colony possessing a representative assembly, is, as a general rule, unconstitutional. It is a right, the exercise of which is reserved for extreme cases, in which necessity at once creates and justifies the exception."

In fact, the case of the American Revolution has not been forgotten by England. The English Parliament tried to stop that revolution by an Imperial enactment. In 1766 a measure was passed which recited:—

"Whereas several of the Houses of Representatives in his Majesty's Colonies and plantations in America have of late, against law, claimed to themselves, or to the general assemblies of the same, the sole and exclusive right of imposing duties and taxes upon his Majesty's subjects in the said Colonies and plantations, and have, in pursuance of such claim, passed certain votes, resolutions, and orders, derogatory to the legislative authority of Parliament, and inconsistent with the dependency of the said Colonies upon the Crown of Great Britain—be it, therefore, declared that the said Colonies in America have been, are, and of right ought to be, subordinate unto, and dependent upon, the Imperial Crown and Parliament of Great Britain; and that the King's Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of Parliament, had, hath, and of right ought to have, full power and authority to make laws and statutes of sufficient force and validity to bind the said Colonies, in all cases whatsoever."

This Act was passed in 1766. In 1778 the battle of Saratoga was fought, and the separation of the American Colonies from England secured. The Im-

perial Parliament acted in a different spirit towards Canada in the year 1859, and again in the year 1879. In 1859 a new Canadian tariff was adopted. Some manufacturers of Sheffield protested against it, and called upon the Colonial Secretary (the Duke of Newcastle) to interfere. The Colonial Secretary sent a dispatch on the subject to the Governor-General. The dispatch was in due course laid before the Canadian Finance Minister, who replied that it was his duty "distinctly to affirm the right of the Canadian Legislature to adjust the taxation of the people in the way they deem best, even if it should unfortunately happen to meet the disapproval of the Imperial Ministry. Her Majesty cannot be advised to disallow such Acts, unless her advisers are prepared to assume the administration of the affairs of the Colony, irrespective of the views of its inhabitants." This position, he added "must be maintained by every Canadian Administration." The upshot was that the Imperial Parliament and Government did not attempt to interfere, and Canada was allowed to have her own way. In 1879 another tariff, based on Protection, was passed by the Canadian Parliament. A member of the House of Commons called upon the Colonial Secretary to disown and disallow the Canadian enactment, but the Colonial Secretary declined to interfere. The measure, he said, was within the powers of the Canadian Parliament, and however much it might be opposed to the views of her Majesty's Ministers, they would not run counter to the wishes of the Canadian people in this matter.

Another illustration may be given of the wisdom shown in modern times by the Imperial Government in dealing with the self-governing Colonies. In 1877-8 there was a crisis in the Colony of Victoria. The House of Assembly had passed a Bill for payment of members. The Legislative Council threw it out. Then the Prime Minister, Mr. Graham Berry, tacked it to the Appropriation Bill. The Council threw out the Appropriation Bill. Then Mr. Berry stopped the payment of the various officials on the ground that the state of the supplies was too uncertain to justify the expenditure; but the Council would not give way. Finally, Mr. Berry started on a mission to England to ask the Imperial Government to interfere with a view of reforming the Council, but Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who was the Colonial Secretary of the day, would not interfere. He said, in effect, to Mr. Berry: "We have given you self-government, and you must settle your difference among yourselves." The Victorians did settle their differences among themselves. In 1880 a Bill was passed for the payment of members of the House of Assembly, but a similar Bill for the Council was, at the instance of the Council, abandoned.

While these, as Mr. Todd puts it, quoting an Act passed in 1865, "Imperial Acts are binding upon the Colonial subjects of the Crown, as much as upon all other British subjects, whenever, by express provision or by necessary intendment, they relate to or concern the Colonies;" yet the general principle laid down by Lord Glenelg in his important dispatch of 1839, already cited, still holds good, and defines the true Constitutional position, namely, that, "Parliamentary legislation, on any subject of exclusively internal concern, in any British Colony possessing a representative assembly, is, as a general rule, unconstitutional. It is a right, the exercise of which is reserved for extreme cases, in which necessity at once creates and justifies the exception."

In another article I shall deal with the question of the Veto of the Crown on Colonial Legislation.

R. BARRY O'BRIEN.

Life and Letters.

THE NEW MILLIONAIRE.

THE moral, aesthetic, humanitarian, arraignment of capitalist industry is familiar to all. "Division of labor," it pleads, "divides the man himself, forces his human energy into some ever-narrowing groove of mechanical, uninteresting toil; builds up around him a whole society of workers similarly degraded. In mine, factory, railway, warehouse, shop, an ever more exact routine robes their work of all elements of pleasure and freedom, taxing their muscles and nerves by enforced conformity to an economical and profitable system of production. The profits and the economy do not redound to their advantage. The injury done to them as producers is not compensated by greater freedom and enjoyment as consumers. Comparatively little of the vast increase of material wealth which capitalism has evoked comes into their possession, and such gains as they do get are offset by the conditions of industrial town life, which stamp the characters of mechanical routine upon their very souls, imposing on them narrow conventional modes of living, thinking, feeling, so that their very pleasures are mechanical and lose freedom and spirituality." We need not labor the indictment. It is exaggerated. Human nature is not so easily crushed or so servile as is pretended, nor is most labor, however sub-divided, destitute of elements of individual skill and freedom. The enlarged sociality which modern industrial conditions of work and of living involve has been a prime condition of all those liberative elements which compose democracy. Law, public opinion, charity, and the power of organised labor operating through trade unions and politics, have served to moderate and mitigate the mechanical tyranny of modern industry. Some definite gains in wages, leisure, health, education, recreation, have been extorted from the machine. But no thoughtful man is satisfied with the size, the character, and the celerity of these reforms in the condition of the workers. Nor is this all the trouble. Modern capitalism breeds everywhere a class of rich, idle men and women, leading a worthless life of luxury and pleasure, and poisoning by their example the standards of life for whole communities. It also breeds a hard type of energetic masters, mechanical money-makers, who play the game of industry and finance according to its selfish rules, subjugating all their natural sympathies and devoting their powers of will and intellect to the heaping-up of monetary wealth in the conduct of vast industrial and commercial operations.

Must this continue indefinitely? Must it be left to work itself out in some natural process of evolution, without any interference more drastic than the moderating tendencies just indicated? Or may we look forward to the possibility of some more rapid and radical transformation? Convinced Socialists have their answer to these questions. Society must take over, through the State, the great instruments of modern industry and operate them for the welfare of all instead of for the profit of a few. In this public working they must look to humanising the conditions of industry as well as to socialising the product. The difficulties of realising or even approaching this simple, intelligible policy, which history discloses, have, however, brought grave doubts into the minds of not a few reformers. Can the people, through the use of political instruments, actually get possession and control of industry, and if they can, will they have the wisdom and the energy to choose and trust men who are competent to operate industry in the interests of the commonwealth? It is natural enough that these doubts should be most prevalent in America where the experiments, both of capitalism and of democracy, have been carried furthest, and where the superior strength of the former is most clearly attested by facts.

The powerlessness of the people in America naturally tends to the consideration of another remedy. If the business-world is to be transformed, to be con-

verted from mechanical formalism into a genuinely vital, human, interesting organism, the men who must be called upon to effect this transformation are the big business men, those who, in popular parlance, are millionaires. If the right type of millionaire could be got at the main points of direction in the business world, a man of invention and imagination, inspired by an enthusiasm for making his business interesting, progressive, and profitable, not only for himself, but for those who were working with him and for those who were destined to use the goods or services he had to sell, the economic millennium would be at hand. The idea is, of course, no novel one. Carlyle and Ruskin made magnificently romantic play with Lords of Land and Captains of Industry who would administer estates and factories and mines in a benevolent feudal spirit for the good of those who labored under them. Comte, too, placed the economic ordering of his new society in the hands of a similar caste of dedicated business men. Christian Socialism has often sought to turn the dangerous currents of revolutionism into some innocuous co-operation under skilled voluntary leadership. But little came of it. Perhaps the time was not yet ripe. Capitalism had not evolved quite far enough.

This, at least, would seem to be the view of Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee, who, in his book, "Inspired Millionaires" (Grant Richards), calls upon the great business men now to announce themselves as saviors of society. Not by mere charity, however discriminative, can the saving work be done. No one could be more poignantly aware of the fallacious separation of the activities of making and of spending than Mr. Lee. "What could be more pathetic, for instance, than Mr. — as an educator—a man who is educating—and mowing down two hundred thousand men a day, ten hours a day, for forty years of their life; that is, who is separating the souls of his employees from their work, bullying them into being linked with a work and a method they despise, and who is trying to atone for it all by piecing together professors and dollars, putting up a little play-house of learning, before the world, to give a few fresh young boys and girls four years with paper books?—a man, the very thought of whom has ruined more men and devastated more faiths and created more cowards and brutes and fools in all walks of life than any other influence in the nineteenth century, and who is trying to eke out at last a spoonful of atonement for it all—all this vast baptism of the business world in despair and force and cunning and cursing and pessimism—by perch ing up before it — University, like a dove-cote on a volcano."

It is by the mode of making money rather than its spending that the redeemed millionaire must redeem society. How is he to do it? Not merely by looking after the physical and moral well-being of his employees in working-hours and afterwards, but by transforming the business-structure itself from an essentially mechanical form into an art-form. When a great business man succeeds in making employment in his works a fine and interesting and adventurous career for those engaged in it, evoking all the latent inventive and progressive powers which they possess, getting a soul into the business, the glory and passionate delight of this achievement, the introduction of the art motif into the business-world, will appeal so powerfully to other millionaires that they will be eager to follow an example which will make their lives so much more valuable to themselves and others than they are now. Mr. Lee thinks that the great business man, the millionaire, is becoming a discontented man; he cannot get out of amassing and dissipating money what he really wants. He is not satisfied with the vulgar attention his pecuniary success procures him, an empty life of getting and spending palls upon him. He wants to be loved and respected for himself, for he is human. Mr. Lee offers him this new career, that of converting a routine business into a fine art, in the benefits of which he and his employees and the public whom he serves will all co-operate.

The plea is eloquent and courageous. But in what

sense is it practicable? Everyone admits that if all work could be made interesting and joyous to those who perform it, the world would be a very much better place to live in. Utopians like William Morris have, indeed, depicted a society in which everyone does what he likes and likes what he does. But they have done so by abolishing machinery and reducing all routine work to pleasant, wholesome exercise. No one before has undertaken to aver that a factory can so far negate the law of its being as to become a home of artistic activities. Doubtless much can be done—and something is being done—to abate the tyranny of the machine and the extreme division of labor it imposes. But nothing can change the routine nature of most of the work or render it intrinsically interesting and educative to the workers. With all his eloquence Mr. Lee does not seriously pretend to show how this vital transformation he desires can be brought about. His one practical suggestion is that routine workers shall receive permits enabling them to move around and acquaint themselves with other processes besides the single one upon which they are engaged. Such liberality of movement and of occupation would not only educate and interest the routine worker, making him realize the harmony and meaning of the whole concern, but would fructify in innumerable inventions and improvements.

There is something in this idea. Indeed, a few of our most intelligent business men are already experimenting in methods of utilising the intelligence and the inventive possibilities of their employees. But though the pace of industrial progress might conceivably be enhanced by this utilisation of wasted natural gifts, there is no warrant for supposing that the mechanical toil which lies so heavy on the shoulders of the workers can be transformed into a willing and a pleasurable service. Yet no less than this is what Mr. Lee's gospel ought to signify. Every great business man, he thinks, should strive by honest skill and energy to make his business a monopoly. For that is essential for his liberty of action. He is then free to try the great experiment of infusing the entire structure with the new spirit of humanity, and making it a genuine instrument for the expression of his own intelligent good-will and that of his fellow-workers, endowing the world with some commodity better, cheaper, and more abundant than they could otherwise obtain. That this dream can be, and occasionally is, realised, in part, at any rate, we need not doubt. But that any large expanding measure of social redemption can come by way of private monopoly is, to our mind, frankly incredible. The cases where a monopoly can be attained and maintained by sheer personal skill and genius on the part of an *entrepreneur* are, and will remain, extremely rare. The processes by which monopolies are won and kept are honeycombed by economic force, cunning, and corruption. Millionaire-monopolists will not respond to Mr. Lee's summons, because the mode of their selection and education in the actual business world disables them for the rôle he would assign them, precisely as it disables them for making the best use of the unearned wealth which comes to them. All these short-cuts to social paradise by individual conversion are illusory. Inspired millionaires will not be the saviors of society. Society must learn to save itself, and for this work must draw its inspiration from its own stock of good-will, intelligence, and experience.

THE BIOGRAPHER'S ART.

A BIOGRAPHY ought to be not so much the story of a man's life, as a picture of the man himself. The question which is rather acutely raised by Mr. Holland's life of the Duke of Devonshire, is, not what he did, but what he was. His work is vital as an index to character; but character is the thing; and it is often shown rather by trivial incidents which excite little notice than by serious events which command public attention.

"I am not writing history," says Plutarch, "but lives, and it is not necessarily in the famous action that a man's excellence or failure is revealed. But some little thing—a word or a jest—may often show character better than a battle with its ten thousand slain."^{*}

Mr. Birrell has reminded us of Carlyle's characteristic criticism of one of Miss Martineau's American books, that the story of the way Daniel Webster used to stand before the fire with his hands in his pockets was worth all the politics, philosophy, political economy, and sociology to be found in other portions of the good lady's writing."[†]

Daniel Webster, standing before the fire with his hands in his pockets, is a living picture which reveals the biographer's art. In his sketch of Andrew Marvell, Mr. Birrell says:—

"We know all about him, but very little of him."

This remark is, we think, capable of application to many biographies. In them we read "all about the man," but learn "very little of him." The light photographic touches, the characteristic anecdote, the casual talk, the unexpected incident which reveals character and personality, are often wanting; while the voluminous correspondence, the public utterances and acts, from which so little of the real man is to be gleaned, fill the biographer's pages. We read Burke's splendid oration to the electors of Bristol, we follow the details of Hastings's impeachment, but, having done these things, what do we know "of" Burke? Assuredly the following nine or ten lines from Thackeray draw us nearer to the great Irishman than the most ample account of all the services which he rendered to the State. There is a human touch in the anecdote which Thackeray recalls—

"I think it was on going home one night from the club that Edmund Burke—his noble soul full of great thoughts, be sure, for they never left him; his heart full of gentleness—was accosted by a poor wandering woman, to whom he spoke words of kindness; and, moved by the tears of this Magdalen, perhaps having caused them by the good words he spoke to her, he took her home to the house of his wife and children, and never left her until he had found the means of restoring her to honesty and labor."

If Thackeray wishes to let us see Dr. Johnson at a glance, he recalls a scene which, perhaps, the serious and decorous biographer would not think it worth while to transcribe. Yet it is a scene—trivial though it be—in which Johnson *lives*; and *life* is what the readers of biographies want or ought to want.

"What a humanity the old man had! He was a kindly partaker of all honest pleasures, a fierce foe to all sin, but a gentle enemy to all sinners. 'What, boys, are you for a frolic?' he cries, when Topham Beauclerc comes and wakes him up at midnight. 'I'm with you.' And away he goes, tumbles on his homely old clothes, and trundles through Covent Garden with the young fellows."

Here is a picture of Cromwell, lightly touched, giving us that familiar insight into the man and his household which is so desirable in biography—

"Many more words I [says George Fox in his journal] had with him (Cromwell), but people coming in, I drew a little back; and, as I was turning, he caught me by the hand, and, with tears in his eyes, said, 'Come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour a day together, we should be nearer one another.'

"Whereupon I rode to his coach side; and some of his Lifeguards would have put me away, but he forbade them, so I rode by with him. . . . When we arrived at James's Park Gate I left him; and at parting he desired me to come to his house. Next day, one of his wife's maids, whose name was Mary Saunders, came to me at my lodging, and told me her Master (Cromwell) came to her, and said he would tell her some good news. When she asked him what it was, he told her George Fox was come to town. She replied that was good news indeed (for she had received truth). . . . The power of the Lord God arose in me, and I was moved in it to bid him (Cromwell) lay down his crown at the feet of Jesus. Several times I spoke to him to the same effect. Now I was standing by the table, and he came and sat upon the table's side by me, and said he would be as high as I was; and so continued speaking against the light of Christ Jesus; and went away in a light manner."[‡]

We get a picturesque glimpse of Cromwell from a contemporary authority in a scene, unfamiliar to English

* Plutarch's "Alexander."

† "Obiter Dicta."

‡ "George Fox's Journal" (Ed. 1901.) I., pp. 210, 332, 333.

readers. Cromwell was badly repulsed at the Siege of Clonmell (1650) by the Irish under Hugh Duff O'Neil. Success seemed hopeless. We are told that Cromwell sat one night in his tent, contemplating retreat. But things were going badly with the Irish in the town, too. The ammunition had given out, and to save his army Hugh O'Neil marched away at sunset, falling back on Limerick. Before leaving, he arranged that the Mayor should ask for an audience with Cromwell at midnight, and demand good terms for the inhabitants; of course, concealing the fact that Hugh O'Neil and his army had left the town. The meeting of Cromwell and the Mayor is thus described:—

"Then the Mayor, according as he was advised about twelve o'clock at night, sent out to Cromwell very privately for a conduct to wait upon his Excellency; which forthwith was sent to him, and an officer to conduct him from the wall to Cromwell's tent, who, after some course [commonplace] compliments, was not long capitulating, when he got good conditions for the town, such in a manner as they desired. After which, Cromwell asked him if Hugh O'Neil knew of his coming out, to which he answered he did not, for that he was gone two hours after nightfall, with all his men, at which Cromwell stared and frowned at him, and said, 'You knave, have you served me so, and did not tell me so before?' To which the Mayor replied, if his Excellency had demanded the question, he would tell him. Then he asked him what that Duff O'Neil was; to which the Mayor answered, that he was an oversea soldier, born in Spain; on which Cromwell said, 'G—d— you, and your oversea!' and desired the Mayor to give the paper back again. To which the other answered, that he hoped his Excellency would not break his conditions or take them from him, which was not the repute his Excellency had, but to perform whatsoever he had promised. On which Cromwell was somewhat calm, but said in a fury, 'G— above he would follow the Hugh Duff O'Neil wheresoever he went!' Then the Mayor delivered the keys of the gates to Cromwell, who immediately commanded guards on them, and next morning himself entered, where he saw his men killed in the pound [where the fight was fiercest], notwithstanding which and his fury that Hugh Duff went off as he did, he kept his Conditions with the town."

It is in undress scenes of this nature, when a man is off his guard, that one gets the best insight into character.

There is a human touch in the following anecdote of the unapproachable Wellington:—

"When [at Salamanca], he had given his orders for the counter stroke, for the gathering-up of his divisions to attack Marmont as they caught him *en flagrant délit*, he quickly lay down to take a short sleep. Much time must elapse before the orders just issued could be carried into effect; the advancing French must cover yet a couple of miles before they were within striking distance. Here was a spare hour to be utilised by this man of iron nerves in restoring his faded mental and physical faculties. 'I shall have a little rest,' he now said to his faithful Fitz Roy Somerset, 'Watch the French through your glass. When they reach yonder copse, near the gap in the hills, wake me,' and, wrapping himself in his cloak, lay down behind a furze-bush, and was soon sound asleep. At the appointed moment he was roused, refreshed, and alert for the fight. Then it was that he rode up to the Third Division, which was to head the onslaught, and said to his brother-in-law, Pakenham, 'Do you see those fellows on the hill? Throw your division into column, Ned; at them, and drive them to the devil!'

Napoleon stands forth in all his strength and invincibility in the simple incident which Emerson relates to mark the character of the great Corsican:—

"He would shorten a straight line to come at his object. Horrible anecdotes may, no doubt, be collected from his history of the price at which he bought his successes; but he must not, therefore, be set down as cruel, but only as one who knew no impediment to his will; not blood-thirsty, not cruel—but wro to what things or person stood in his way!—not blood-thirsty, but not sparing of blood, and pitiless. He saw only the object: the obstacle must give way. 'Sire, General Clarke cannot combine with General Gunot for the dreadful fire of the Austrian battery.' 'Let him carry the battery.' 'Sire, every regiment that approaches the heavy artillery is sacrificed: Sire, what orders?' 'Forward, forward!'

(To be continued.)

ON NURSERY RHYMES.

AMONG a crowd of hurrying men and women, with drab clothes and tense faces, a very little girl was stepping into a London tube train. She walked with her hand

* Gilbert's "Contemporary Affairs in Ireland." 2. ii., p. 410.

† Griffith's "Wellington."

held tight in the gloved fingers of a correct and protecting young woman, and her gait had the self-conscious swagger of a child for whom walking is still an absorbing problem in mechanics, a glorious, but somewhat perilous, achievement. She seemed, in the sulphurous air, under the ghostly light of the electric lamps, an incongruous, even a pitiable, thing, and one asked why prematurely this fragile infant should "leave the warm precincts of the cheerful day," to descend with us into the shades. As she stepped with the crowd into the car she began to speak. It was with that eager, gurgling voice of children which seems to come from some continual intoxication of joy, the voice of an infant Bacchus mounted on his pard, the voice that has always for its chorus in the air the clash of cymbals and rhythm of dancing feet. It wells up from some spring of merriment and wonder, too eager to be quite articulate, yet lingering with a stress of relish and pleasure on each colored vowel and difficult consonant. "Oh, yes!" it declared, with enthusiastic conviction, "I like the tubes." And then, with a momentary pause, it went on: "I like all the things we've got now." We stood convicted of a sentimental folly, and rebuked for our superfluous pity. At three years of age one does not regret the good old days. One does not want to travel in a horsed coach, or read by rushlight, or tell the hours by a dial, or fly from the pursuit of time and age to the monastic calm of a hermit village. At three years of age one greets the new romance of a mechanical century with a robust shout of wonder and delight. These insane devices for packing the brief day with business and care, what are they for the child but witchcraft realised and the kingdom of romance brought to his door. He can see the magic carpet start off with its fairy princes at Hendon; he can voyage on the Thames in the wizard boats of Alcinous, which go of their own accord. There are more subterranean tunnels under his feet in a London suburb than ever were dug by scheming barons beneath a feudal castle. The motor-cars flash past him like meteorites, and scream like the Valkyries in war-time. He has the sense, too, that all of it is novel and strange. The tube was dug before that infant was born, but still she knows that she has come, in an exciting hour, into a strange world. It is her world, and she has entered it the heir of its delights and its marvels. For her coming men have schemed and labored and invented. She is pleased with a royal approbation to announce that she likes "all the things we've got now." She knows that she came just in time for all these wonders.

A century ago, children had the air of slinking unobtrusively into a scheme of things in which they were graciously permitted to share by the extreme benevolence of parents, and in return for a rigid observance of the rules and the commandments. They were strangers and interlopers. Their presence was tolerated only so long as they glided among their elders, silent and unmarked. To-day they descend upon us, our conquerors and heirs. They investigate the place we have prepared for them, and it is well for us that it merits their enthusiastic approval. It is all right now, they seem to say, with the air of a *bon vivant* who congratulates his own taste because he has chosen wisely the time and the hostel for the anticipated feast. The modern child has a grateful perception of all the good things that we've got now, but not in his most complacent mood does he realise how vast is the upheaval which has gone to the making of his cradle. A whole system of morality has been shaken for its shaping, and the ethics of the nursery have passed without his knowledge through their reformations and their revolutions. One turns to-day to the politics of the schoolroom a century back as one turns to the amazing pages of "Leviathan" or "The Kingly Image." The mighty have been deposed from their seats, the absolute rule of parent and nurse has become an historical memory. The child exists to-day in his own right, where before he was the subject and the appendage of the Beings who brought him into the world. We have before us a text-book of nursery morality as it was about a century back. The ink is faded on its yellow pages, and if there still lives a child for whom it was a delight, he babbles of Waterloo as he

counts his grand-children. The name Primrose, in a thin Italian script, stands on the title-page like the letters on a tombstone. The faint scent of her virtues and her modesties, her filial piety and her Georgian decorum, clings about the tattered volume like lavender in a forbidden closet. A defunct publication which rejoiced in the name of the "Imperial Review," said of these "Original Poems" and "Rhymes for the Nursery" that "the poetry is very superior to what is usually found in books of this kind, and the moral tendency of the whole is excellent." We have little hesitation in endorsing the judicious commendation of the "Imperial Review." The "poetry" is, for the most part, a pleasing, unambitious jingle, but it has its moments of inspiration. The "several young persons" who composed it were the contemporaries of Blake, and by accident or by imitation there are verses in this naïve collection which have something of the wondering simplicity and the blue-eyed joy of the Songs of Innocence. There is a pleasing ditty about lions and owls which reads like an echo of Blake's tiger, and an apostrophe to a baby which just misses the quality of "Infant Joy."

It is the didactic tendency of this estimable work which primarily challenges attention. With much of the substance of its ethics we are not concerned. There is a spirited exhortation against playing with fire, which has lost nothing of its cogency and authority with the lapse of time. There are some well-conceived injunctions regarding the treatment due to animals, which would, we suppose, be accepted by most modern moralists. On such matters as the extreme impropriety of kicking the cat asleep on the rug, there is a substantial agreement between the humarer philosophers of to-day and the authors of 1807. We are still of opinion, as these "several young persons" were, that "if people knew The sorrows little birds go through," they would not "stand and fire a frightful gun For nothing but the noise." There is, perhaps, something ephemeral and obsolete in the reference to the slave trade, with its picture of the little blackamoor who "bathed in the river like a brisk water-rat," until "some wicked people came and stole him far away." But the spirit of this abolitionist nursery-rhyme is altogether unexceptionable, and when we read the line, "I wish some mighty nobleman would go and tell the king," we seem at last to understand why it is that peers have ever since been chosen to preside over philanthropic demonstrations. In all these poems we are dealing with the foundations of morality, which neither scepticism nor the progress of enlightenment has yet attempted to undermine.

It is, in the poems which deal with the proper attitude of children towards parents that we enter the foreign climate. The spirit of it all is summed up in this striking verse:—

"I'm a very little child,
Only just have learned to speak,
So I should be very mild,
Very tractable and meek."

In rhyme after rhyme the helplessness and dependence of the unfortunate infant are impressed upon him with a crudity, a tactlessness, and a disregard for all the finer chivalries of life, which stir in the modern reader an instinctive indignation. With a shameless indelicacy these rhymes remind the child that he is naked, penniless, ignorant, inexperienced. They play alternately on his gratitude and his lonely fears. "If my dear mamma were gone," he is made to reflect, "I should perish soon and die." Or humility and consolation are administered together:—

"Nothing in the world I know,
But mamma will try and show me."

The prime object of these rhymes, after reducing the little victim to a state of slavish dependence, was apparently to impress upon him the advisability of a ready lapse from naughtiness to contrition. The spiritual beauty of repentance is tersely indicated in such a couplet as this addressed to a rebellious and turbulent, but eventually contrite, child:—

"Oh, how much better it appears
To see you melting into tears."

The sublimest of all these moral lessons is a dramatic fragment, entitled "The Sick Little Boy." It opens with a tender address to the ailing child:—

"Ah, why's my sweet fellow so pale?
And why do the little tears fall?"

To which, in an agony of self-reproach, he replies

"O! no, don't be kind to me yet,
I do not deserve to be kissed."

The fact was that he had eaten some green "goosb'ries" and currants. After a cold commendation of his truthfulness, he is thus admonished:—

"Be sure that you never again
Forget that God watches your way;
And patiently bear with the pain,
That does but your folly repay."

One smiles profanely, despite the moral grandeur of the spectacle.

It was a very serious world, and the terrors of Sinai lurked in every gooseberry bush. But truth to tell, it was also a very mean world. Morality such as this is the police which parents and nurses imposed to lighten their own task. They taught the virtues of submission and the beauty of repentance because the normal, stirring, enterprising, confident child was so apt to be a "handful." They clipped his natural propensities much as a farmer cuts the wings of his geese. There was in it all, moreover, a too obtrusive calculation. The parent meant to reap gratitude where he had sown fear. The volume of nursery rhymes opens with an affecting woodcut, in which the good son is seen pouring his earnings into the lap of his aged mother, while the verses beneath it assure us that he "joyfully gave her the wages he got." It closes with "a very sorrowful story," in which the ingratitude of a son who acted quite the other way is held up to our horror and reprobation. We have met the children nurtured in this school. They walk sedately through the contemporary pages of Jane Austen, the prim and serious young men, the intimidated young women. There was just such a nursery, we feel sure, at Mansfield Park. Poor Fanny Price, who could call her soul her own only in the solitude of the East Room, shy to her equals, deferential to her elders, who never dared to form an ambition and would have blushed to avow a desire—she was bred, we feel sure, on "Original Poems" and "Rhymes for the Nursery." The slave morality of those nurseries is a thing to study to-day among the monuments of an extinct civilisation. Tubes and motor-cars are a matter of taste, but where nursery ethics are concerned, we rather agree that we "like all the things we've got now."

THE BOROUGH ZOO.

THE attendance at our local museum has dropped by three hundred a week since, at the approach of winter, they took away the observatory bee-hive. It was of great, and, we are sure, not unuseful, interest to peer through safe glass at those myriads of venomous insects, and imagine with a thrill what would happen if they were all free. We saw the bees building their combs by a sort of conjuring process, of which we were not allowed to see the precise details, the queen laying her eggs, the workers feeding the grubs that doubled their size from day to day, the mature bees gnawing their way out after a further period of hidden conjuring, the pollen-gatherers coming home with pockets full of wealth, and many other undreamt-of things. It was very well worth while in those days to hang round the door of the museum for some kindly grown-up to take us in. Any adult may walk into the museum at his will; it is made much more precious to the child by the decree that keeps him out unless he has a grown-up sponsor. And what, after all, is the value of the museum to the grown citizen as compared with the growing one? To the one its dry bones are objects of study to him who acquired elsewhere a rare taste for such things, to the other, an atmosphere on the border of play, inducing to a wonderland that otherwise he would probably miss.

It was the feeling, if not the uttered statement, that

the museum must have a preparatory school that led the authorities by degrees to furnish it with an annexe of live natural history. The children, who will not yet take an interest in the weaving of an Assyrian carpet, will watch a silk-worm spinning its cocoon, or even appreciate the nest-making of a bygone chaffinch or long-tailed tit. On our way to the aquaria and out again, we pass by a wonderful exhibit of ancient fishing-tackle, a model factory, the edge of a needlework section, and other lures into the vast hinterland of the museum. However quickly we go, if we go often enough, these things seen get into the blood, and the desire to investigate the rest of the treasure must come some day. An enterprising curator will even send us there with a note shown, for example, over the cage of the live crocodile, telling us of a mummied specimen and of Egyptian drawings of the sacred creature in another part of the museum. That artifice must, however, be sparingly used. The main thing is that here, in a corner of the dry museum, is a gallery wholly given up to the occupation of a small Zoo.

Very much remains after the bees are gone. A sleepy colony of ants in its "formicarium" still slowly draws towards its winter rest. Fishes are as lively as ever, the impassive pike glaring at little boys as though he wished they were minnows, the paradise fish, and the heavily-finned peacock bass, representing Oriental magnificence, the eel reminding us of homelier joys. We have still, against Nature it is true, newts in the water, there are frogs and toads of many kinds in their respective cages, snakes, a hibernating bat, crayfish, lobsters, and a whole army of sea-monsters. The Borough Zoo very largely concerns itself with the wild denizens of its own locality. Some are known to everyone, such as the frog, in the various stages of its growth. Others most of us overlook in the wild state, and it is a great wonder to know that they have been dragged from our hedges, which we should not have dreamed to have sheltered such monsters. The full-grown puss-moth caterpillar, or even the grub of the May-beetle, is more like an exciting dream than a common object of the country or outer suburb. The Thomas Blankson who presented over a dozen of the former to the museum, must be a wonderfully enterprising entomologist. We dream of discovering larger and more richly colored worms, and seeing our own name on the card that proclaims them to an astonished world. Every toad we meet we scan for the yellow stripe that would proclaim it a natterjack, we take to sparing the grass snake and slow-worm because they are harmless, we establish little Zoos of our own of varying success, gradually we get courage to ask the curator to identify some of our specimens.

No one would wish the natural history annexe of the museum to become a Zoo in the usual large sense. It ought to be confined almost exclusively to the exhibition of the natural fauna of the district. We have here now a winter-abiding monster, more admirable than the preying mantis of India, so common as to be found in almost any pond, and yet only fully observable after many visits to its aquarium. When it wishes to capture an insect, it takes its face off, shoots it at the prey on a long arm, seizing it in a pair of jaws like the pincers of the lobster, and thus brings it back for the real jaws to masticate. When tired of entertaining us with this marvel, it climbs to the top of its aquarium, takes the whole of its skin off, and flies out of the window as a gorgeous "devil's darning-needle." We have water-beetles as big as walnuts, capable of killing the biggest goldfish in the Zoo, and not only adept in all water pursuits, but able to fly as well as any bird. Of course they are, by virtue of being beetles, yet the other day a man and a councillor of the Borough wrote to the paper and proposed that earwigs should be kept out of bed-rooms by an arrangement to prevent them from crawling up the wall. To return to our water-beetle: who would suppose that its offspring was a sort of shrimp, with great pincers like cows' horns, hollow and transparent, so that you can see the juices of the victim it has seized flowing into the system of the captor? This is a monster that has to be kept in solitary confinement, for it attacks any

other water creature, irrespective of either size or relationship.

It is no doubt a great thing to see the lions fed, but there is only a matter of mere noise and bluster between the feeding of a lion and a pug-dog. How much more fascinating the artistry displayed by some of the inhabitants of our Zoo! There is the squirrel that by a sort of magic makes a scratch on its nut, then jerks it in two pieces as though it had been a walnut. The dormouse has its own rather more elaborate method, and the nuthatch uses a vice like a carpenter, and hammers a hole in the shell with a vim that thoroughly amuses. They make the most of great endowments of a rather common type. Who would suspect the frog of being able to give a far more entertaining performance? As a past-master in a particular line of gastronomy, we keep the chameleon, not quite a Briton, and surely the most astonishing creature in the whole range of natural history. It has its own unique means of using the four claws of its feet by two and two instead of by three and one like the other reptiles, the joints of its legs are so free as scarcely to appear joints at all, and its swivel eyes, independent of one another, are more like an ingenuity of human mechanism than the product of natural evolution. Yet its close-shut and inscrutable mouth holds a secret more astonishing than all these other marvels. A meal-worm is held, as it appears, nearly a foot from its nose. One of the swivel eyes, revolving like a search-light, falls upon the morsel, the other perhaps comes into bearing, the mouth opens, and out of it shoots a long, fleshy rod, large at the end and perfectly sticky, so that at the merest touch the meal-worm belongs to it and is drawn back into the mouth. So much of our chameleon, without even mentioning the characteristic that has made it one of the most famous of all creatures.

Some of our exhibits are remarkable by reason of the long time they have stayed with us. Tom, the Borough toad, has qualified for naturalisation many times over, and one slightly younger than he is famous because he began life with us as a speck of jelly in a string of spawn. On seventeen annual occasions has Tom shed his old skin, rolled and patted it into a ball with his fore paws, and winkingly swallowed it. Our oldest lobster, more careful of posthumous fame, annually takes off his armor in one piece complete to the eyes and the tips of the feelers, and hands it to the curator to put beside the last suit in his own glass case. Unfortunately, he died at this autumn moult, but he leaves behind him eight suits in progressive sizes that are a complete record of his feeding and thriving as an inmate of our Zoo. No museum can show the head of Cromwell when he was a boy, but we can show you the head and the body and each leg and whisker of our late friend Forceps at the age of one, and two, and three, and at his final "taking-off." If you would know of other famous lobsters, king-crabs, trilobites, graptolites, brachiopods, you are referred to the geological section on the left of the museum as you pass Paleolithic man.

Short Studies.

AN ALBANIAN NIGHT.

EVEN from the middle slopes of the great mountains, it was a long climb up to the valley that wound into the central cluster of bare and precipitous heights. Like all mountain roads in the Balkans, the almost imperceptible track wandered over masses of solid rock, and scree of large, loose stones where no English horse could struggle. At one point, as I climbed, I could see, on looking back, a part of Scutari Lake, green in the distance; and just at one little gap, where the water from the lake meets a branch of the wild river Drin, and flows with it down to the fever-haunted port of Medua—just beyond that gap gloomed the dark horizon of the Adriatic.

It was nearly evening, and I thought of the Austrian-Lloyd steamers passing up and down that beautiful coast from Trieste. I could picture the captain, always capable and polite, always answering the unvarying questions of the passengers patiently in every language that sails the seas. I could picture the passengers themselves washing and dressing in their comfortable cabins, or reclining on deck-chairs while they recalled the amphitheatre of Pela, or the ruins of Spalato where Diocletian constructed his palace as a last refuge from a world rushing headlong into Christianity. Now and then one of them would say, "What a pity the Albanian mountains are clouded! They are *so* romantic!" But at the back of all minds would lie the re-assuring expectation of the dinner's numerous courses, to conclude with ice-pudding.

Far up among those clouded mountains themselves, the situation was, I suppose, romantic. Heavy rain drenched the scene, and cold, grey wreaths of mist crept round the corners and across the face of the grey precipices above, revealing and again enveloping the craggy summits, or an unexpected cliff fringed with black pines. But in the depth of the glen the stony river-bed was dry with the heat of many months. Nowhere was there sign of cultivation. There was no sign of man at all, except the thin track scraped upon the rocks, until suddenly the walls of a house appeared, and half-a-mile further on the walls of another, and more beyond. Perhaps there were fifty houses in all, and the obvious peculiarity of nearly all those houses was that they had no roofs, no windows, no doors, but consisted of bare and blackened walls, standing like skeletons in a desert.

The peculiarity caused me no surprise. In all lands it is still the usual penalty of war or rebellion. In the last week I had passed through ten districts or villages devastated in the same way, and now my chief emotion was joy at discovering that the whitewashed church and the priest's house attached to it still retained a roof. Entering, I found the church desecrated as usual—altar, pictures, images, and everything smashed to pieces; even the bells pierced with rifle bullets. The priest's house also was pillaged and empty, but there is great charm in a roof. "To have a roof over one's head"—how good it sounds! In a few minutes my guide, the muleteer, and I had lighted a fire on the open hearth, smoking up into rafters that had been spared out of some queer respect for religion. Three of the churches have been burnt like ordinary houses, but, as a rule, the church roofs are untouched, and under their shelter many families have made a new home, portioning out the consecrated floor into domestic plots, like pews.

I was wondering whether it was only the extreme poverty of the region that had allowed Roman Christianity to survive in this north-west corner of the mountains, while nearly all Albania accepted Islam with unaccustomed docility, when a great shouting arose in the valley outside. It was the Malissori (the word only means "mountaineers," and is distinctive of no particular clan)—it was the mountaineers announcing the appearance of strangers in their customary manner. Presently, the room began to fill with gaunt and hook-nosed figures, clothed in the rags of the Albanian costume—the sleeveless jacket and tapering trousers of white woolly stuff, with broad black edgings down the important seams, finishing off into variegated patterns; the little white cap or red handkerchief on the head; the cartridge-belt, revolver, silver chain, and yards of girdle about the waist; and slung on the back the necessary rifle—Mäuser, Martini, or Gras—which they have fought so hard to keep. Down they all sat, in a circle, on their heels, asking questions and narrating deeds of war.

Politeness being satisfied, a leading man (not the "color-bearer" of the clan, who was away) invited us down to a hut that he and his uncle had constructed beside the ruins of their home. It was the next house in the village, only twenty minutes away. The hut was built of rough-hewn tree-trunks, thatched with straw and branches, all on a foundation of a loose stone wall. It was about 40 ft. long by 15 ft. broad, and almost anywhere you could stand upright, with a foot or so to spare. I have seen no such excellent substitute for a

ruined home. Most of the substitutes are poor little shelters, rigged up with branches, leaves, petroleum tins, and charred beams, against a wall inside the ruins. They gave some shade from the blaze of sun, but now that the rains had come, they dripped in most places (as do the caves which some of the more fortunate families have occupied), and under the snow and the freezing winds, which are already blowing, many of the people in them will die. Even through a remnant of tiled roof, where I had slept a few nights before, the rain splashed on to the cartridge-box which was my pillow. But here not a drop came through. The floor was dry earth and rock, and fresh bracken piled thickly upon it served for carpet and beds.

It was a waste of blood and treasure, but Albania's reputation for hospitality had to be maintained, and some four-footed thing was sacrificed, cut into lumps, and boiled slowly in an iron pot swinging from a cross-beam. When a man who had been pinching the bits of flesh from time to time, at last declared they were soft enough, we sat round a hewn board upon the bracken, and took what we could get out of the pot. Besides the rib which I caught, I was, of course, given the head as well—tongue, brains, eyes, and all other delicacies comprised in it. White, strong-smelling cheese followed, with segments of the great circles of bread made from the maize still irregularly supplied by the Turkish Government, and brought up by the mountaineers about once a fortnight from distant Scutari. The host himself and the women served. It was one woman's function to wash our feet in a wooden bowl when we arrived, to hold up a tiny oil lamp during the meal, to pour water over our hands afterwards, and all the evening to light the cigarettes with wood embers that she snatched from the fire with sugar-tongs attached to her girdle. The rites of hospitality having been thus observed, the host and the women took their turn at the fleshpot, while we sat in a circle at the other end of the hut, asking questions and narrating deeds of war.

Towards midnight, some of the men crept out into the rain, returning to their own particular ruins. The rest settled down on the bracken, with such bits of rug and horsecloth as had been saved from pillage. The women took off their heavy leather belts, a foot broad, and covered with silvery little studs; and soon nearly all of the ten or twelve of us were asleep. But the old grandmother and one of the children kept crying out and shaking with fever, for they had just returned from the distant lowlands of Bragu-Mati on the coast, where this Clementi clan takes the flocks for winter, and where the Government had kept most of them shut up all through the feverish summer to prevent them joining in the revolt.

During the night, a rekindled stick upon the hearth sometimes lit up the interior of the long, low roof, and revealed the sleeping forms upon the ground. Outside, the rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled like a stage storm in "King Lear." At half-past four the women began to stir, softly making up the fire and clearing away the bracken. At the first light I went out into the thin grey air. The rain had stopped, but a bitter wind raged down the valley, where in winter the sun appears only for one hour a day. Looking up at the highest peaks, I saw they were already turning white under a transparent mist of snow.

Who will help to keep these people alive during the winter? It is a strange race to have survived into days like ours—a people ignorant of all learning, but eager to learn; child-like in their conceptions of politics and war; incapable of combination, but proud of their blood, rigorous in their code of honor, and clinging like wolves to their ancestral rights and ancestral religion. They are suffering now, and the suffering will increase every week. Under the conditions of the peace, they receive a small allowance of maize, and every adult has received one Turkish pound. So far they have got nothing of the promised compensation for their ruined homes. The hut I have described is far the best I have seen, but in every occupied ruin some attempt at shelter is being made. What is most wanted is money and material. Acting for the Albanian branch of the Mace-

donian Relief Committee, I bought up all the available timber in Scutari, and ordered tarred felting and more timber from Austria. But our wood will not roof one village, and owing to the cholera in Scutari, and the presence of Italian cruisers off the port, nothing from abroad has yet got in. The remote villages can, in any case, only be helped by food, clothing stuff, or bare money; for the transport of planks up those precipitous paths upon the backs of horses or women is impossible. If anyone will help, let him send to Mr. Bertram Christian, the Chairman of the Relief Fund (10, Lancaster Place, Savoy, W.C.). With the invaluable assistance of Miss Edith Durham, who has generously promised the mountaineers to remain in Scutari as long as possible this winter, I have arranged various forms of relief, which cannot, certainly, go far, our resources being at present so small, but will be effective so far as they go.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

The Drama.

THE WORDLESS PLAY.

SUMURUN—THE HONEYMOON.

We can, all of us, recall passages in great dramas in which the spoken word is, by the intention of the artist, made less important than some semi-symbolical substitute for speech, some wordless pause in the action. Such is the knocking in "Macbeth," which transports us sharply out of the spiritual world, where murders are conceived, into the natural world, where murders are discovered and punished. Such is the slamming of the street-door in "The Doll's House," or the rattling of Dr. Rank's farewell cards into the letter-box, or the flight across the stage of the raven in the "Götterdämmerung." Countless intervals of this kind occur, their object being to concentrate the imaginative effect, so that the audience may have a sharpened view of the purport of a play by way of a fresh, emphatic, sensuous appeal. There is a notable relief in separating an author's idea and poetic form from its interpretation by the professional voice. Thus we escape what Lamb called "a controversy of elocution"—the tendency of the actor to heighten and coarsen action, to represent dramatic poetry as if it were rhetoric. The sensitive mind frets at the loss of his enjoyment of the dreamland of poetry, and often turns away from the stage to his private study of the master, and the thousand delicate intuitions it has yielded him. He is shocked at the inevitable grossness of dramatic representation, and no mere refinement of accessories, such as Mr. Gordon Craig's art suggests, can fully reconcile him to it. Now and then the face of an actor helps him to a partial reconciliation. His vision of Hamlet is not a whit marred by having seen Mr. Forbes Robertson play Hamlet, or of Beatrice by his memory of how Ellen Terry "looked the part"; on the contrary, it is stimulated and intensified.

The case for the "wordless play" is thus built up from the distaste of the cultivated public for the "too close-pressing semblance of reality" in the modern play, either in its sixteenth or its twentieth-century dress. But it appeals also to a different type of play-goer. With the intellectuals the problem play is an alternative to the poetic drama. But it is not an entirely satisfying substitute, and in the nature of things it cannot appeal to the average man. The new form of morality play may draw a new and serious contingent from the great Puritan class. But it will not attract everybody, and there remains a considerable force on whom the extreme conventionalism of the "society play," its narrowness of appeal, its everlasting repetition of types, its clever but hackneyed dialogue, must begin to pall. This kind of audience, again, has found relief in musical comedy and in the "halls." The latter, with all their faults, have always stood for a rude comedy of life. The former had little enough to do with life, but it brought back the average man to poetic dreamland by the help of music. Now, a new-old territory has again been opened

in the pantomime-play, with music—most indefinite of the arts—as its interpreter.

Sumurun, the best of these wordless dramas, was dealt with in an article in last week's NATION, and I do not propose to traverse the ground again. Its advantage is that it comes from an old store-house of Eastern fancy, to which most children have repaired. Every imaginative boy can say with Tennyson,

"Then stole I up, and trancedly,
Gazed on the Persian girl alone."

And this setting of fairyland is devised so that, save for Nur-al-Din's dreamy opening recitative, no voice breaks through its scheme of representation. The actors pass, shadow-like, on their flower-strewn pathway through the audience on to the stage, and shadow-like depart.

Yet the picture is highly concentrated. The bare wall-spaces of Eastern houses, with their slight, but sufficient, decorative effect, throw the light on to the graceful brightly-clothed figures. The drama, in its new extended form, goes forward with the savage directness of the old *conte*. Modern speech, with its periphrases and evasions, cannot water down its fire; indeed, each spectator can make his dialogue for himself, instead of mechanically following or being mentally repelled by it. The music is Eastern in semblance only; the dancing is not Eastern at all; but the illusion, in the hands of a master of stage effect, is kept just at the point at which the average imagination can be awakened and held. All can pass into dreamland on the wings thoughtfully provided by Professor Reinhardt; none need fear to meet any Shelleyan adventure on the way.

* * *

It is, I think, a misfortune that, in a somewhat adventurous hour, the English stage should not be able to count on a writer of the power and range of Mr. Arnold Bennett for a fresher task than "The Honeymoon." Here, indeed, are the old tools of the old workshop. Let me enumerate these time-worn implements. *Item* a frisky widow on her second honeymoon, and who so fit to impersonate such a widow as Miss Marie Tempest? *Item* a curate, who is only a curate *à la* Koepenick—what a nice part for Mr. Dennis Eadie! *Item* a comic bishop—but of comic bishops there is no end—nor of lady novelists, nor of crushed husbands, nor of philosophising waiters. By all means let these ancients walk the stage again; all themes, all characters, are for moulding and re-moulding by the hand of genius. But this time Mr. Bennett has *fashioned* nothing; he has merely chosen to manufacture a situation. His real subject was, I imagine, the fastidiousness of a couple half in love with each other, and more than half in love with themselves or with their work. This could surely have been elaborated out of temperament. Mr. Bennett prefers to work it into the accustomed apparatus of the made play—a mock marriage, a sham scandal, a small diverting game of cross-purposes, brought up to date with a battle of aeroplanes (German *v.* English aeroplanes, of course). Mr. Bennett's mind and pen turn all these puppets and puppet-movements to account, as willingly as he outlines, with deliberate and powerful strokes, the long procession and slowly evolved comedy-tragedy of life. These freaks seem to run in the stuff of his character, though never in the woof of his serious and vital work. The surprising part is that their author, with his alert and inquisitive mind, his immense power of reflective photography, does not see how very *vieux jeu* they are.

H. W. M.

Letters to the Editor.

"A LIBERAL POLICY TOWARDS GERMANY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR—I have read your article on a Liberal policy towards Germany with much interest and satisfaction. Never was there a finer opportunity for bold, just, and even generous diplomacy. Now the Morocco question is prac-

tically settled, we have no question of foreign policy which should lend any force to the mutual distrust which exists between the governing class in both countries, but, in my judgment (and I know something of Germany), between no other class in either country. Twice within the last few years we have been on the very verge of a great and terrible conflict—on a very recent occasion, so near that one shudders to think of the foolishness of rulers who could have been parties to a military alliance with another nation (however friendly) of such a character as evidently existed between this country and France, but happily that danger is over, and there is no longer any excuse for us to entangle ourselves with alliances of such a description.

I agree that the time has come when the struggle for mastery in armaments should cease, and the commercial rivalry of Great Britain and Germany should go on without jealousy or distrust. Sir Edward Grey saw with what delight his frank and prompt acceptance of President Taft's offer was received, at least by all the members on his side of the House; now is the opportunity for him to add chivalry to his cautiousness, and make such advances to Germany as will gradually dissipate the distrust which (rightly or wrongly), she feels in consequence of our recent relationship with France. Such a step coming at this juncture might, by relieving the tension, remove the excuse on both sides for continuing this ruinous race in shipbuilding; for, at the end of this year, we shall relatively both stand where we did two or three years since, Britain having a great supremacy which Germany fully admits she is entitled to, and Germany a navy strong enough to give her due weight in the Councils of Europe, and so be saved a ruinously-increasing burden, and both nations able to devote their surplus wealth to the removal of social evils, which are sapping their strength. Would that both countries were sufficiently clean-handed to be capable of administering a fitting rebuke to the foolish Imperialism of Italy, and to raise a powerful voice in the cause of equity and against lawlessness between nations; but, at least, they could act in concert and so circumscribe the area of conflict as to bring about a speedy peace, and in so doing help to produce a spirit of concord between these two great nations, which would be more beneficent than even the settlement of the Eastern question itself.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE WHITE.

The Grange, Norwich.

October 16th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am of opinion that the article in the current number of *THE NATION* entitled "A Liberal Policy Towards Germany" deserves support from every friend of peace and goodwill between nations, and particularly between the two great nations at present threatening each other. England and Germany are at present drifting towards war with each other—"inevitable war" many people say. But no war is inevitable if real statesmanship intervenes in time.—Yours, &c.,

J. H. YOXALL.

Springfield, 20, Kew Gardens Road, Kew.

October 16th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You have done good service in pointing to the close of the Morocco difficulty as affording a supreme opportunity for a diplomatic *rapprochement* with Germany. If the path is swept clear for such an approach, it would be a crime that these two great progressive nations should not come together, or, at any rate, that the attempt should not be made by those who control our mutual diplomatic relations.

Every observer of foreign politics must recognise that this frequent fretful friction between England and Germany is the chief menace to European peace, and the chief obstacle to a reduction of the suicidal cost to both nations of their preparations for destroying one another. The quarrel is one only of diplomats and statesmen; both peoples are fraternal enough already.—Yours, &c.,

W. P. BYLES.

8, Chalcot Gardens, Hampstead,

October 17th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The *NATION* will have rendered invaluable service if it proves successful in bringing about more friendly relations between ourselves and Germany. Why should we not be friendly? The overseas ambitions of Germany do not seem to run counter to any really vital interests of our own. Germany believes that we have been engaged for several years past in a policy of bottling her up—a policy that would not seem to be any part of our natural business, and one that, if pursued, must inevitably lead to most serious results. I, for one, would most heartily welcome an *entente cordiale*, free from treaty obligations, with Germany.

Permit me to add that, in my poor judgment, the time has arrived when Parliament should be taken into the confidence of the Foreign Office. We are a full-grown nation, and there can be no broad principles of foreign policy that need to be jealously withheld from the purview of Parliament. As things are at present, the ordinary back-bench Member of Parliament or Member of the House of Lords is not allowed to know anything about the foreign policy of his country, except what he is able to learn by the process of watching events and putting two and two together.—Yours, &c.,

CECIL HARMSWORTH.

October 17th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The article in your last issue, "A Liberal Policy towards Germany," is a powerful appeal for an understanding between Germany and Great Britain. If this could be achieved, it would be an immense gain for peace and progress over all the world. The object is one which we must constantly have before us; politicians and the press should candidly and courageously demand its attainment, and insist that our statesmen lead, not lag behind, in the common-sense policy of our being on good terms with our neighbors.

At present, in view of the "social insanity" which Herr Bernstein so powerfully describes in another column of your last issue, it may be impossible to have a full understanding between the statesmen of Germany and Great Britain. We read only yesterday that the German Government would bring on the General Election at the earliest possible date. Will they use foreign policy and international suspicions as a means of getting a more reactionary Reichstag than they could otherwise obtain? Again, the peoples of the two nations are becoming, I believe, even in spite of Morocco, more sensible, less suspicious, more anxious to draw closer together. Yet, till the Parliamentary government dependent on the will of the people, which we enjoy in England, is paralleled by a similar condition in Germany, can we expect a national understanding that will stand the strain of naval programmes and secret foreign policies?

Such considerations as these should not make us relax our efforts for a national understanding between Germany and Great Britain, but will make us see how difficult such a goal is to reach.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH KING.

Witley, October 16th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I entirely agree with your suggestion as to promoting friendly relations with Germany, with a view to the reduction of armaments. Wars and the preparations for wars, which often bring about the catastrophe they are intended to prevent, are, I believe, the main causes for the terrible conditions and struggle to live under which a large section of the wage-earners throughout the world exists. Hence the labor unrest in this country and throughout Europe.

I certainly agree that we should endeavor to get Germany and all the powers to unite with us in offering good offices to Italy and Turkey, with a view to the termination of hostilities. But I do not think we should wait on these Powers joining us, but offer our good offices at once, and make it known to the world that we have done so. I trust that you will support this view, and, believe me,—Yours, &c.,

D. M. MASON.

October 16th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have perused with much interest and complete sympathy your article on "A Liberal Policy Towards Germany." I am not sure that you do not judge too charitably the failure of the Government to effect any material improvement in the relations between this country and Germany during their tenure of office. In addition to the inherited agreement with France, with its unknown and apparently ominous and onerous obligations, they are themselves responsible for their refusal to move in the direction of the immunity of private property at sea at the last Hague Conference, and for the demonstrably heedless exacerbation of the rivalry in naval armaments by Mr. McKenna's alarmist oratory.

We shall be confronted with increased German building, and a consequent maintenance of our own burdensome estimates, unless our Foreign Office makes quickly some serious and strenuous effort to remove the misunderstandings which appear to obtain so persistently between the two Governments. This should surely be the first object of Liberal foreign policy. Sir Edward Grey's response to President Taft's suggestion was altogether admirable, but Mr. Balfour was entirely accurate when he described it as "irrelevant" to the questions of naval expenditure. We are obviously not building against America, and the crucial test of the earnestness and sincerity of the professed desire of the Government to arrest the expenditure must be the energy, determination, and success of their efforts to bring about immensely improved relations with this great European power—kindred in faith and race, and so intimately related to us in industry and commerce. To achieve in this matter nothing but failure is the most crushing indictment conceivable.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD T. JOHN.

Llanidan Hall, Llanfair, P.G., Anglesey.
October 18th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have perused with interest the article in THE NATION, entitled "A Liberal Policy Towards Germany," and sympathise with its object. Nowhere is there a stronger desire for peace than in Wales, and yet Welsh M.P.'s are compelled by the exigencies of Party Government to vote for a huge Navy, without any clear idea as to the position of the country in its foreign relations or the obligations entered into by the present Government. Most of those who, like myself, entered the House in 1906, have had no opportunity of appreciating the object or course of our foreign policy, and the time has come when the Government should take the House into its confidence. The nation may then learn whether the present strained relations with Germany are justifiable, or whether too high a price is being paid or promised for the friendship of other nations.—Yours, &c.,

ELLIS DAVIES.

Carnarvon,
October 16th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Every Liberal who cares for the peace of the world will feel grateful to you for your impressive article on "A Liberal Policy Towards Germany." Now that we have helped France to secure Morocco, we may assume that her ambitions are satisfied. There is no other question on which we are directly or indirectly pledged to support her against Germany. Thus, as you point out, the ground is at last clear for the resumption of cordial relations with Germany. The silence of our responsible Ministers during these anxious weeks has been distressing. I venture to express the earnest hope that it may be broken by the Prime Minister at the Lord Mayor's Banquet. We need a pronouncement *urbi et orbi*.—Yours, &c.,

G. P. GOOCH.

South Villa, Campden Hill Road, W.
October 15th, 1911.

PEACE SOCIETIES AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Henry Clay's letter on the Peace Movement and Tripoli is one of considerable interest to pacifists, but

I am sorry that he should "judge of the movement from the newspapers," the more so that the only utterance of a Peace Society that seems to have impressed him is that of the *Italian Section of the International Peace Society*. This is the more unfortunate in that such a society does not exist. There is an Italian Society for International Peace, a somewhat different matter. The National Peace Council, which includes the whole of the British Peace organisations, issued a strong appeal for mediation under the terms of The Hague Convention for the Settlement of International Disputes, agreed upon at a special meeting under the chairmanship of Lord Courtney of Penrith. That appeal was sent to Sir Edward Grey, was commented upon at length in the "Times" of October 5th, and in many other papers at home and abroad. The International Peace Bureau, representing the whole civilised world, has also made appeal to the Governments of the Signatory Powers of The Hague Convention to take collective action. And other national organisations, such as the Deutsche Friedensgesellschaft and the Swedish Peace Society, have taken similar action to that of the National Peace Council in respect to their own Governments.

Mr. Clay's contention amounts to this: That peace will not be secured by Treaties, *Ententes*, and Arbitration. Pacifists, although Mr. Clay does not think so, will agree with him, though they also regard these methods as of immense importance in *maintaining* peace. Peace is the result of policy. If the British Government, *inter alia*, pursues a pacific policy, peace—for this country, at any rate—will follow. Our present policy towards Germany is probably the cause of much of the trouble now obtaining in Europe, certainly of increased armaments, as so constantly pointed out by THE NATION. The peace organisations of the world are doing precisely what Mr. Clay suggests they should do: endeavoring to bring pressure to bear on their national Governments in the direction of open, pacific, and enlightened foreign policies.

The National Peace Council has established a Political Committee, mainly of the members of both Houses of Parliament who are members of the Peace Council, to advise the movement on the many questions of policy that arise, recognising thereby the fundamental importance of the national policy pursued.

The chief difficulty for the Peace Movement is not its wrong method, but its financial weakness and that the Press is only beginning to give it any real assistance. Its critics are numerous; but how many are prepared to give serious help?—Yours, &c.,

CARL HEATH, Secretary.

National Peace Council,
167, St. Stephen's House, S.W.
October 17th, 1911.

"WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN PRACTICE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I ask permission to say with what mental and spiritual refreshment I read in your last issue a letter from a supporter of woman suffrage, Miss Ethel Jonson, of New York. The sanity of it should put an extinguisher upon some of the false lights which are waved on so many suffragist platforms, the boastings that women "will always care more for principles than for party," that they will always uphold the "ideal," that their "super-morality" will "sweep vices and abuses off the face of the land as soon as the weapon is in their hands," and that their "super-mortality" puts them on a plane altogether higher than men.

But I should like to plead with Miss Jonson that she should seek some ground for woman suffrage other than the ground which she regards as alone "valid"—the fact that they are "human beings." That is not a valid ground. John Stuart Mill, the prophet of woman suffrage, declined to stand upon it. In the well-known speech of May 20th, 1867, when he moved the amendment to the Representation of the People Bill, that the word "person" should be substituted for the word "man," he would have nothing to do with any such abstract right. "I do not mean," he said, "that the electoral franchise, or any other public function, is an abstract right, and that to withhold it from anyone, on sufficient grounds of expediency, is a personal

wrong. . . . My argument is entirely one of expediency. . . . To lay a ground for refusing the suffrage to anyone, it is necessary to allege either personal unfitness or public danger."

And in the country from which Miss Jonson writes, that great jurist, Senator Elihu Root, put the case thus: "If there is any one thing settled, it is that voting is not a natural right, but simply a means of government."

To the same effect was the decision of Chief Justice Marshall, of the Supreme Court: "The granting of the franchise has always been regarded in the practice of nations as a matter of expediency, and not as an inherent right."

And Chief Justice Sullivan, of the Supreme Court of Idaho, himself a suffragist, gave it as his dictum: "We recognise that to vote is a privilege and not an absolute right."

This view is surely unassailable. "Human-being-hood" cannot be a valid ground for the franchise. It would know no limit of age, no condition of tax-paying or residence, or even civilisation. It would mean votes at once for boys and girls, for tramps, for all the inhabitants of India, for the whole of the black population in South Africa, for every negro in the United States. If such a ground were valid we could find little fault with the amiable Oxford professor who recently avowed in a public lecture that there was something to be said for conceding the vote to children, and even to criminals.

Nor is it valid to base the claim for the franchise (as Miss Jonson does) on "the absolute equality of men and women before the Lord of Life and Death." It is true that the Lord of Life and Death has "no respect of persons"; but this clearly cannot mean that in earthly matters He deals out to all human beings equality in all things. The standpoint of the idea is moral and judicial. It is true, also, that, in the view of St. Paul, those who have "put on Christ" are "all one in Him," so that "there is neither Jew nor Greek—there is neither bond nor free—there is neither male nor female." But, obviously, he is speaking only of the spiritual sphere: in the natural sphere, the sphere of human limitations and secular states, such differences still obtained; and the very man who wrote these words was as far as possible from suggesting that the power of government, even in the Church, should be extended to women. To the spiritual sphere the world and the State have not yet come. To reason as if they had is to do what Mazzini described as "the mixing up of things, which is the Great Bad."—Yours, &c.,

JOHN MASSIE.

Old Headington, Oxford.
October 16th, 1911.

"FULL PHYSICAL EFFICIENCY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In your issue of the 7th, in an article headed "The Need for a Labor Party," you quote the above phrase of Mr. Rowntree's. It is with him a considered phrase. He is discussing the food proper for a workman. He is not satisfied with the ordinary requirement of "food necessary for health," but demands for him food necessary for "full physical efficiency." I doubt whether his readers have always appreciated the significance of this substitution. We are all agreed that health is a good thing. Is it equally clear that full physical efficiency is good? I am not sure whether Mr. Rowntree has defined the phrase, but I take it to mean that physical state in which the body and all its members are capable of exerting the full power that their original constitution has made possible for them. Is this absolutely good in the sense that health is absolutely good?

Let us consider the extreme case. The railway dray-horse is probably the most finished specimen of physical efficiency known to us. The conditions of his existence from this point of view are the most perfect attainable. He is weighed at short intervals, and his food prescribed till the next weighing by an expert. Everything tending to efficiency is provided for him, and nothing injurious permitted. The resultant animal is a magnificent engine, capable of developing something like twice the energy of an ordinary horse. And what is the upshot of it all? His life is as short as it is intense. If my information is correct, his life at this work is not more, on an average, than three to four

years; and then this tremendous athlete begins to go to pieces. Compare him with a horse fed on grass. The grass-fed could probably not do half the work in the twenty-four hours; but he could do it from five to ten times as long. Surely he is the healthier as he is the longer-lived animal; but, if so, then health and full physical efficiency by no means go together. The experience of human athletes is much the same, but not so disastrous, because, with them, the training and the strain are not continuous. The cases are, no doubt, extreme, but not too extreme to exhibit the tendency unmistakably.

Now, although, if I rightly remember, as an inducement to employers to concede higher wages, Mr. Rowntree promises more work as obtainable from better-fed workpeople, yet I am not doubting that his main object is sincerely the good of the workman, and therefore the question I should like to put to him is whether what the workman really wants is more food or less work? I have workmen who have been in my employ for a generation, men who have grown up beside me, and though their years are the same as mine, or even fewer, they are older men than I am. I see it everywhere. A workman of 60 is an old man compared with his employer of the same age, and I am forced to the conclusion that he has worked too hard and too many hours in the week. He has formed the habit of over-work, and is not himself aware of it; but it tells in time. We want shorter hours, and—though I know it is a counsel of perfection—the abolition of piece-work. Mr. Rowntree and all of us would be aghast to be told that our plan with our work-people is essentially the same as Legree's with his niggers—"Work 'em out, and buy fresh"—but I much misdoubt the difference is only one of degree.—Yours &c.,

GEORGE HOOKHAM

Willersey, Glos.

October 15th, 1911.

THE LIBERTIES OF ANGLICANISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Mr. Dyce Sharp, in his criticism of your article in a recent issue, entitled the "Liberties of Anglicanism," describes himself as a Freethinker; but he is a Freethinker who, so far from believing—as the word implies—in greater liberty of opinion, is opposed to freedom of thought. Freethinking had its origin—and a noble origin it was—in a revolt from the stifling trammels of mere tradition and authority. But Mr. Dyce Sharp's ideal seems to be to keep the greatest ecclesiastical institution in the land tied up to authority and tradition; and he trots out, in the name of Freethought, arguments against Liberal opinion which are the familiar stock-in-trade of every reactionary in Europe. This, in Mr. Sharp's view, may be Freethinking, but most people would prefer to call it by another name.

Mr. Dyce Sharp puts forward the amazing doctrine, in the name of Freethought or Liberal opinion, that a man must not be tolerated if he happens for the moment to be in a small minority. Is not everything new always in a small minority to begin with? And is it not of the very essence of toleration and of Liberal thinking to meet new ideas with arguments and, not as Mr. Sharp believes, with force. Your complaint against the Bishop of Winchester is that he does not meet Mr. Thompson's arguments with counter arguments, but with the blind brutality of force. The Bishop of Winchester himself was in a small minority when, a few years ago, he participated in the writing of a book which described the origin of the world and man set forth in the Book of Genesis as a myth. The late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, was connected with the writing of a book which denied the infallible inspiration of the Bible. He, too, was in a minority. The new Bishop of Oxford denies that the Virgin Birth belongs to the earliest apostolic tradition. He, too, is no doubt in a minority. On Mr. Sharp's method of counting heads, all these men should be driven out. Let me tell him that his view that minorities should be exterminated is the very antithesis of Freethinking—the deadly poison against which Liberal thinkers have fought and died.

Mr. Dyce Sharp, in his last paragraph but one, urges that the principle of liberty within the Church, "if pressed to its logical conclusion," would open its doors to ethical thinkers, humanitarian brotherhoods, &c. Here again we

have a repetition of the old obscurantist gibe against liberty and Liberalism in all its forms, whether political or theological. Liberty, its enemies always tell us, if pressed to its logical conclusions, is anarchy. But we know from practice and experience—things of much more value than logical formulæ—that liberty, whether in morals, or in government, or in belief, is not anarchy; but is, on the contrary, the only sure foundation for the orderly progress of the world.

I think I have said enough to show that Mr. Sharp is not a Freethinker in the sense of being a man of Liberal convictions. He may be an anti-Christian, but that fact does not give him any right to speak on behalf of Christianity.—Yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL THINKER.

October 19th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—The position that "the Church must modify its doctrines to fit in with the findings of modern criticism and modern thought" is condemned, in slightly different words, in the Syllabus of Pius IX.; and it is, unfortunately, true (as Mr. Dyce Sharp says) that "many of the most zealous Churchmen in the land" agree with that Pontiff in repudiating it. But zeal is not always tempered by discretion. Much, no doubt, turns on the meaning attached to the word "doctrine," and on the distinction between the substance and the historical form of truth. But the notion that the English Church is a feebler replica of the Roman, whether put forward by a Freethinker or an Anglo-Catholic, calls for an emphatic disclaimer. The position referred to by your correspondent, logical in a stereotyped and infallible society, is an impossibility in a living Church where teaching is founded on Scripture interpreted, as the Reformers interpreted it, by the best knowledge of the age.

No argument has been brought forward against Mr. Thompson's book, either by the Bishop of London in his recent Conference address, or by Mr. Dyce Sharp, which might not have been, and was not, used against the Reformation. In the first half of the sixteenth century, belief in Transubstantiation, in the Sacrament of Penance, and in the intercessory power of the saints was as intimately connected, not only with traditional Christianity, but with piety as the belief in the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection, viewed as material events, is to-day. The argument recoils on a Reformed Church with disastrous effect.

No one questions the Bishop of Winchester's conscience in the matter. But some of us think that it is a conscience which, when it expresses itself in action, might profitably be restrained by law. Nor do we shrink before your correspondent's "logical dilemma." There is no sufficient reason why men like the late Dr. Martineau or Mr. R. J. Campbell should be debarred from membership of the national Church.—Yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL CHURCHMAN.

"DISESTABLISHMENT," OR A "NEW SCHEME."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—What are "National Purposes"? Mr. Lloyd George tells us that the object of the coming *Bill to Disestablish the State Church in Wales* is "to restore our national endowments to national purposes." Does he claim that the supply of gas and water is more a "national purpose" than the supply of Christian churches, ministers, and schools? If Mr. Lloyd George considers that any other local charity in Wales is being mismanaged and misappropriated (so as to benefit the few rather than the many), is it his habit consistently to propose that the grammar school, or the library, or what not, should be disestablished or disendowed, and the funds used for gas and water? Why, in the case of a trust for the Christian education of children, or loaves for old women, does he apply to the Charity Commission for a "new scheme," and in the case of a trust for the Christian education of all the parishioners, does he proceed, *per saltum*, to divert the funds devoted from time immemorial to spiritual culture to material purposes already provided for by the rates?

If the King, through his Prime Minister, would ask the Archbishop of Canterbury to meet the heads of the Non-

conforming branches of the Church for friendly discussion, a *new scheme* for the better utilising of what is, at any rate, the oldest and greatest and best of our parochial (and diocesan) charities could not fail to emerge (for revision is in the air), so that any monopoly of such funds (intended *pro bono publico*) in any parish by a mere clique, patient of antiquated conditions, would become impossible.

Surely, almost anything would be better than the scheme now before the country, which proposes to hand over a portion of our spiritual inheritance to a "Denomination" (for such the conformists in each parish would, I suppose, become), and to secularise the rest of it! Even a policy of "concurrent endowment," recognising sectarianism as inevitable and treating the national Church as an Empire rather than a kingdom, would be infinitely preferable to that. I am sure that many loyal "Churchmen," who are Christians and patriots first, and "Churchmen" (in this narrow sense) afterwards, would even prefer to see the National Church "Wesleyanised," or "Quakerised," or "Congregationalised," than that the nation should cease to believe in itself as a Church at all, and should pronounce Christianity a thing outside the national life, only fit for groups and sects to squabble over. "Give her the living child, and in no wise slay it."—Yours, &c.,

F. DAUSTINI CREMER.

Eccles Vicarage.

October 11th 1911.

A NEW THEORY OF GREEK TRAGEDY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—The points raised by Professor Ridgeway in his reply to my review cannot be adequately or profitably discussed in your columns. For that purpose it would be necessary for me to write the history of the Greek dithyramb (which, in my opinion, Professor Ridgeway wholly misconceives), and, as a preliminary, to consider the justice with which the title "Dithyramb" was assigned by the Alexandrian grammarians to certain early lyric poems, which they found it hard to classify. Professor Ridgeway is no doubt aware that the whole question of the nomenclature of lyric forms—on which Wilamowitz wrote so suggestively in his "Textgeschichte der Griechischer Lyriker"—is very complicated, and I do not think that your readers would be interested in its discussion. As for the words of Ardiolochus, I do not think that they will be interpreted by anyone who reads them, without prepossessions, in any other sense than that which I, following other scholars, assign to them; and I must take leave to point out that Professor Ridgeway's summary of the evidence for the view which he rejects is incomplete. Pratinas used the compound θριαμβού διθύραμβος as a title of Dionysus; and Pindar is said to have favored a derivation of *dithyrambos* which connected the word with the birth of the god.—Yours, &c.,

October 15th, 1911.

THE REVIEWER.

[This correspondence must now close.—ED., NATION.]

A COINCIDENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—May I record in a column of THE NATION an interesting case of literary coincidence?

Some years ago I wrote a play which I called "The Desert." I sent the manuscript to Mr. Bourchier in the summer of 1907. At that time the play was in two acts, and the idea, while fully indicated, was not completely worked out. In the spring of 1908 I sent the same manuscript to Mr. Tree, and I did not receive it back until the following year. In the meantime I had put "The Desert" into three acts, and had completely worked out its implicit idea. The manuscript of the complete version was given to Mr. Tree in the winter of 1908. The first version of the play was received back from Mr. Tree in the spring of 1909, and the second version some time after. In the autumn of 1909 I gave the manuscript to Mr. Herbert Trench, who was then in charge of the Haymarket Theatre. My play has an Eastern atmosphere, and as "Sumurun" had not then appeared, the convention for producing such plays was unknown in

London at the time, so I received back my play from the Haymarket theatre within a few months. I left "The Desert" aside, and it has not been published nor produced. Many people who saw "The Desert" in manuscript have been impressed with the correspondences between it and a play called "Kismet," which is now being produced in London. As I live in Ireland, I have only lately had the opportunity of seeing this play. Now that I have seen it, I think the correspondences between "Kismet" and "The Desert" are somewhat notable. In both plays the dramatic fable is concerned with a man's rise from beggary and his fall into beggary again. The correspondence in fable would not claim much attention, for such a fable has been illustrated in all ages. But in both plays the fable, the setting of the fable, its complications, and its formal presentation correspond. In both plays the action is complete in a single day, it lasts from morning until evening. In both plays the fable is illustrated in the life of "The Arabian Nights." The beggar, Mogu, in "The Desert," and Haj, in "Kismet," reach the plenitude of their power through the interest which a potentate takes in the daughter of each. In both plays the catastrophe is brought about by a conspiracy to kill a ruler. Curiously enough, it is a lapse in dramatic logic in "Kismet" that makes the most impressive coincidence. In my play the beggar comes out of the Desert, and, therefore, to complete the action, it is necessary that he should go back to the Desert. The beggar in "Kismet" begins his day by begging on the steps of a mosque in Bagdad. Logically, he should return to his steps; actually, he goes into the Desert. These literary coincidences are generally brought about by what Theosophists call the "tatwas," that is, world-impulses. The end of "Kismet" is interesting, as showing the compelling power of the "tatwas."—Yours, &c.,

PADRAIC COLUM.

30, Guilford Street, London, W.C.
October 17th, 1911.

Poetry.

THE SIX SORROWS.

THERE are six sorrows in my heart—
Red Allen, Clare, and Joan,
Sweet Bet, and Jock, and little Roy;
Six sorrows all my own.

Red Allen was my first-born son,
How dear he was to see,
The first sweet babe—and now he lies
Beneath the church-yard tree.

My little Clare, and pretty Joan,
Sleep, too, in wind and rain,
But never do I wake at night
To wish them home again.
Oh, never do I wake at night
To call them home again.

I have three sorrows in my breast
To drown my heart in tears,
My Betty, Jock, and little Roy,
To shade my waning years.

My sunshine Bet, she made her choice—
A good man he, and true;
And 'neath my fond contented eyes
Their pretty courtship grew.

When, from the winding road, a foot
Stole by my garden gate,
And by my door a honey voice
Did whisper long and late.

And oft a cloth of lavender
Young pedlar John would bear,
And oft a silken ribbon long
To bind my child's soft hair.

Oh, bitter was the secret shame
He hid beneath his load,
My sunshine Bet is far away
Upon the gypsies' road.
My pretty Bet has strayed away
Upon the winding road.

I have two sorrows in my heart,
To wear me night and day—
My Jock, and little Roy, who runs
Beside my knee at play.

My six-foot Jock, in all the town
No lad was like to him,
What mother's heart could hold my pride
Though joy my eyes would dim.

Then I could weep but happy tears,
They soothe not now my grief,
The burning anguish of my heart
Has quenched that font's relief.

One morn his brow on me did frown,
His ready laugh grew still,
Full late it was when he came home,
In silence from the hill.

"Where have you been, my son, so dear,
So long, so late?" I cried.
"To seek a little lamb who strayed
Upon the bleak hill side."

"What dyes so red, my child, my son,
The plaid about your breast?",
"Tis where the wounded lamb did lie,
And here its heart-beat pressed."

"There comes four men about the gate,
Their looks are stern and cold!","
They do but seek the little lamb
That died beyond the fold."

"Then I shall make the window fast,
And I shall bar the door;
Oh, fear is bitter at my heart,
And I can bear no more."

"You may not bar the oaken door,
Nor make the window fast;
But you shall pray for my lost soul,
As long as life shall last."

"For I must go with those who wait
About the door for me,
Since I have slain my own false love
Beneath the linden tree.
Oh, I have slain my faithless love,
Beneath the linden tree."

I have one sorrow in my heart,
My Roy, who sleeps so sound.
Oh, will the wide world call this babe,
Or holds the grave his shroud?
Oh, shall I grieve his golden youth,
Or weep him in his shroud?

I have six sorrows in my heart,
Red Allen, Clare, and Joan,
Sweet Bet, and Jock, and little Roy—
Six sorrows all my own.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

Reviews.

"THE DUKE."

"The Life of Spencer Compton, Eighth Duke of Devonshire." By BERNARD HOLLAND, C.B. (Longmans. 2 vols., 32s. net.)

It is time to protest against the production of political memoirs conceived in a spirit of partisanship, but decked in the colors and wearing the insignia of history. Of this type is Mr. Bernard Holland's life of the Duke of Devonshire. It cannot be called an ill-written book, though, by all the modes and canons of good biography, it has small title to distinction. It contains much about the Duke, but is hardly a picture of him in the actual apparel of his life. The Duke, a superficially dull man, was essentially an interesting one, as anyone who did not know him can judge from the admirable sketches which Mr. Holland has collected from the pens of Sir Almeric Fitzroy and Mrs. Strong. But Mr. Holland himself has contributed few touches of illuminating portraiture; and, in the main, his book is a compendium of political letters and speeches, which do not invariably lend themselves to the moral that Mr. Holland laboriously attaches to them. That moral is the old one of Tory writers of the 'eighties and 'nineties:—

"On our side is Manners and Virtue,
On their side is Gladstone and Guilt."

Mr. Holland's qualities of taste and judgment as applied to this controversy do not appear to advantage in his reference to Gladstone as "the antique leader of the Opposition," his plain suggestion that Gladstone was aware of the relations between Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea because he used the latter (quite openly) as a means of communicating with the almost unapproachable Irish leader, and his hint that Gladstone found the Russian attack on Penjeh "a godsend" because it enabled him to clear the account with the forward movement in the Sudan. Mr. Holland's contempt for Non-conformists excuses his reference to a Mr. Spurgeon, "of the City Temple," hitherto unknown to fame. For the rest, his partisanship deeply infuses his account of the episodes which he re-writes with some arrogance of phrase and no great effect in the way of historical freshness. He is a Jingo, and he tells the oft-told story of Gordon with a malice which sometimes rebounds on his hero. He is a Protectionist, and he sets out the Chamberlain case with far more emphasis than that of Chamberlain's protagonist in the Balfour Ministry. But that is not to say that he is an incompetent or an ill-informed writer. His survey of the Duke's career lacks clearness and insight because Mr. Holland does not really see the man he justly admires in the light in which the events of the last twenty years have placed him. But it has the merit that it enables the reader to see for himself. And Mr. Holland does at times come tolerably near the truth. When he deals with a period which he can describe sympathetically, such as the closing year of the Ministry of 1880, when the stars of Gladstone and Hartington were in combination, and the two men seemed ready to complement each other as the Grand Old Tory and the Grand Middle-Aged Tory, he writes with force. But, on the whole, the book is one which cannot be read by Liberals with pleasure, as Lord Morley's "Life of Gladstone" can be read by Tories.

We shall, therefore, take it that the chief merit of Mr. Holland's biography is one of which the writer is, in the main, unconscious. A colleague of Lord Hartington's in the Cabinet of 1880 described him to the present writer as "always a Tory." This is the simple and single revelation of the book. It is possible, of course, to think of Lord Hartington, as he thought of himself, as a Whig. If so, he was a Whig without the smallest sympathy with the Whig doctrine of nationalities. In this view it is not even true to hold him up as a true "Palmerstonian," in contrast with the "Peelite" Gladstone. Lord Hartington was a Palmerstonian with every vestige of the Italian doctrines of Russell and Palmerston cut out of his political creed. It is truer to describe him, in Mr. Holland's phrase, as a "realist," as distinguished from the sentimental Gladstone. Here, in truth, he shines with

a sober and steady light, just as his nobility of behavior in every turn and cross of fortune presents, in our view, an attractive picture of an upright and personally unselfish man. If anyone doubts this, let him read Mr. Holland's account of his three reluctant refusals of the Premiership, and of the witness he insisted on giving the Queen to Gladstone's loyalty to her at a moment when she was more than usually forgetful of her obligations to her old servant. At the moment when he wrote it, Lord Hartington was in competition with his old leader for the Premiership, and had told his father that it looked "a very hopeful prospect" for him. And yet he could thus speak of his great rival in a long and freely-worded memorandum to the Sovereign who was moving heaven and earth to escape a second Gladstone Premiership:—

"There was no statesman whose experience or abilities could be compared with his. There was no one whose loyalty and personal devotion to her Majesty were more undoubted. If her Majesty had ever been led to believe that he had been wanting in these respects, she had been entirely misinformed. When most warmly engaged in opposition to the measures of the Government, and carrying that opposition to a length which her Majesty might have thought extreme, I could personally speak of the profound and evidently sincere feelings of respect and personal devotion to the Queen which he had always entertained."

It is not, however, on Lord Hartington's high-mindedness that his character as a statesman must rest. What of his reputation for foresight? Mr. Holland's Memoir practically destroys it. It does, we think, establish his already high fame for the management of the Afghan difficulty, and the settlement with Abdurrahman. But, save on University Education, it demolishes his prestige on the Irish question, and on practically the whole ground of domestic policy.

On the Eastern question he could not see how "any moderate man" could pledge himself "to the release of the (Balkan) Provinces from the direct rule of the Porte." All these Provinces have now been released. It is clear that not a step of effective criticism of Disraeli's action would have been taken by him. What he did obey was the gentle pressure of tactful and pliable natures like Lord Granville, who for years sustained a half-playful conflict with his stubborn soul, and, above all, Gladstone's compelling magnetism and dominant will. Up to 1886 Hartington did not win a single engagement in this campaign. But he fought nearly everything. So early as 1881 he set his face against all remedial legislation in Ireland. He was against the Land Act on the ground that fair rents interfered with freedom of contract. "As for this precious remedial measure," he said, (it is not quite clear whether he referred to the Compensation for Disturbance Bill or the Land Act) it "will be laughed out of the House." In 1883, he thought the concession of County Councils to Ireland to be "madness." Nothing could be conceded unless the Irish gave guarantees against "agitation." It was "revolution"; all that Ireland wanted was "strong government," resting on the powers that the Executive then possessed. He said nothing bitter of Home Rule. He was far nearer resignation on County Franchise than on the Gordon controversy, as to which his patience and occasional insight were remarkable:—

"I have not at all made up my mind," (he wrote to Granville, his confessor in ordinary) "that I will agree to a single-barrelled Reform Bill. I am terribly sick of office, and seldom find myself in real agreement with my colleagues."

The much-enduring Granville wrote back, with half-conscious humor:—

"Your resignation would be received with applause in some quarters, but it appears to me to be an immense responsibility to break up the Government, to turn Gladstone prematurely out of office, and to destroy the cohesion of the Liberal Party. The effect upon the position of the aristocracy, and the richer classes, and the best interests of the country may be very great."

The argument to his class appears to have touched Hartington, but the point of his resistance was characteristic. He objected to a Reform Bill unaccompanied by a Redistribution Bill, his view of such a Bill was less democratic than that of Hicks-Beach, and he disliked the inclusion of Ireland, to which again the Opposition assented. In the same spirit he destroyed Chamberlain's Councils Bill, joining the Whig peers in an opposition which, said Gladstone to Chamberlain, on the day of the momentous decision in Cabinet, he and his friends would "bitterly rue."

For Ireland, indeed, he had no remedy of consequence but coercion, and long before the Home Rule proposition arose had destroyed his right as a Liberal statesman to resist it. Even when Lord Hartington decided to stay with the predominantly Whig Government of 1880, he chose his ground because he preferred that a split should be caused "by the Radicals against the Whigs and Gladstone," rather than "by the Whigs against the Radicals and Gladstone." Years later the wheel had come full circle, and Chamberlain was able, with no little truth, bitterly to reproach this inveterate Conservative that his inaction towards Mr. Balfour's Education Bill had ruined the Government, and rendered the desperate sally of Protection inevitable. What did the Duke do even to resist the inverted Radicalism of Tariff Reform? Nothing to which the action of Lord Ritchie and his Free Trade colleagues had not bound him as a matter of personal honor. Touch him there, and he was invulnerable. But, indeed, his intellect worked too slowly for effective co-operation with rapid or subtle intelligences like Gladstone and Chamberlain. He sat bemused at the Cabinets where the Chamberlain policy was fought out, cursing his sluggard mind, round which Mr. Balfour twisted the most distracting coils of dialectic. An invincible integrity of temperament, and an admirable justice of view when he dealt with questions in which imagination played no part, gave him a position of real authority in the State, and brought him out of the Balfour Government, not, as he said, with "severe damage," but with credit. But he had not an emergency mind; and he never fairly rose above the prepossessions of class.

Does it, therefore, follow that his great influence in the country was a misfortune? We cannot think so. Mr. Holland shows some real power of criticism when he links Hartington and Parnell together as the two "realists" of the Home Rule controversy:—

"Both Hartington and Parnell were of the positive, or realist, character; neither the one nor the other was influenced by abstract ideas, or by books, or by phrases of any kind. Neither man was in the least degree a Radical, a Sentimentalist, or an 'Intellectual.' Neither was swayed in his course by philosophic theory or by definite religion. Each was cool, aloof, by nature indolent, inclined to silence and averse to rhetoric, country-bred, independent, unimpressionable, self-contained, indifferent in the main to the opinion of men at large, doggedly tenacious of his own view and purpose. Both had that which Harcourt (or was it Lowe?) used to call 'Hartington's you-be-damnedness,' the characteristic so striking in that mighty Anglo-Irishman, the first Duke of Wellington. This quality was brought to a lofty point by the Irish squire who led, and despised, the Nationalists. Hartington and Parnell were, in fact, both of them, extremely Anglo-Saxon by nature and temperament, as they mainly were by descent. Hartington himself, through the Butlers and Boyles, may have inherited some of the Anglo-Irish temperament, which is that acquired by men of a conquering race living among the conquered."

So restricted a character could handle only one or two sides of English contemporary life. Democracy was no more to him than religion. He once asked what "transubstantiation" was, and it is certain that the reply did not interest him. He hated fuss, bores, "parsons," compliments, work, and ceremony, was superficially rude and essentially kind, was in most respects the best type of Englishman without ideas. He had a countryman's humor, but no wit. He read nothing. His amusements were cards and the turf, and his dying words, "Well, the game is over, and I am not sorry," reflected the honest and simple paganism of his life. His one romance never touched the public, and was unknown to it. No man whose "won't" was always stronger than his "will" can be called great, and there were episodes in his stumbling flight after the Grand Old Man which only the Comic Muse can fairly recite. But an aristocrat who, spite of indolence, trained himself so high for State business as did the Duke, and who played no gamester's trick in it, has a call on fame. The majority of thoughtful Englishmen probably followed him with more entire belief in his rightness of judgment than they yielded either to Gladstone or Disraeli or Salisbury or Chamberlain. And the reason was that his speeches were absolutely honest revelations of the timid and slow processes of thought which the majority of his countrymen use, and that apart from his class-feeling, he was a finely disinterested man, who, while he despised the mass and was cold to their life and hopes, had the root of personal integrity in which all men put their trust.

HYNDMAN.

"The Record of an Adventurous Life." By HENRY MAYER
HYNDMAN. (Macmillan. 15s. net.)

Not many men living have impressed themselves on the consciousness of the political world in such a fashion that, in a political and literary review of picked circulation, one can drop the Mister in heading an article about them. We say Hyndman as who should say Bismarck, or Cagliostro, or Garibaldi, or Savonarola, or Aristotle, or Columbus. A mysterious quality this, when it exists in anyone but a poet. Poets are entitled to it in all the arts: there is nothing in calling Raphael Raphael instead of Messer Sanzio, or Beethoven Beethoven, or Shakespear Shakespear. But why should Hyndman be Hyndman and not Mr. Hyndman; or, still worse, a Mr. Hyndman? Though he is a remarkable person—one would say brilliant if that adjective were not for some reason appropriated by comparatively young men—he has done nothing that has not been done equally well by men who cannot be identified without at least a Christian name, not to mention those who carry their Misters with them to the grave. It is clearly a matter of faith and conviction, not of works, this indefinable quality of personal style that has maintained Hyndman as the figure-head of a great revolutionary movement, even when there was really no movement behind the figure-head. It is not a triumph of tact: no man has done more unpardonable things, or done them so often (within the limits of the pardonable, if you will excuse the contradiction). It is not a triumph of sagacious leadership overcoming all defects of manner: on the contrary, Hyndman has charming manners and is the worst leader that ever drove his followers into every other camp—even into the Cabinet—to escape from his leadership. It is not any item from the catalogue of accomplishments and powers Macaulay kept for advertising his heroes. Hyndman is accomplished; but his accomplishments are not unique. It is really the man himself that imposes, Heaven knows why! Samuel Foote is said to have stopped a man of striking carriage in the street with the inquiry, "May I ask, sir, are you anybody in particular?" Had he met Hyndman, he would have had the same curiosity; but he would not have dared to ask.

Hyndman has now given us an autobiography that does not do him justice; and yet you can say of it, as you can say of so few volumes of reminiscences, that he is his own hero. He tells you much about people he has met; but he does not hide behind them. And yet he has, to an extraordinary degree, the art of telling you nothing, either about himself or anyone else. Here, for instance, is an account of George Augustus Sala's quarrel with George Meredith in Hyndman's presence. He tells it with an air of telling you everything, and yet at the end you know absolutely nothing that you did not know from the index: namely, that Sala and Meredith quarrelled. You do not know what it was about, or what was said, or how they took it. What you do know is that Hyndman was there; and this, somehow, suffices. Do not hastily conclude that the narrative is so egotistical that Hyndman has insisted on playing the two others off the stage. On the contrary, Hyndman is more reticent about himself than about the others. This is no book of confessions. Confession is not a Hyndmanesque attitude. Not only is it true that, save for a hitherto unpublished fact or two, there is nothing in this book about Meredith, Mazzini, Disraeli, Clemenceau, Morris, and Randolph Churchill (all of whom have chapters to themselves) that could not have been compiled by a clever writer who had never met them; there is actually nothing about Hyndman himself that could not have been written, and even considerably amplified, by a constant companion. It is not a revelation of the man: it simply lets you know Who's Who. And yet it is frank to recklessness. Never was there a book where there was less need to read between the lines. Except a few harmless little chuckles over successes that were quite genuine, there is no boasting; indeed, Hyndman does not cut anything like so imposing a figure in these pages as he did in the public eye on several occasions. In the expression of his dislikes he is abusive and positively spiteful without the smallest affectation: his collection of *bêtes noires*, headed by Mr. John Burns, is reviled without mercy or justice, and, what is much less common, without hypocrisy or any pretence of superiority to hearty ill-will; whilst, on the other hand, his more

congenial friends and faithful followers are praised with equally unscrupulous generosity. Consequently, some of his swans are geese, and some of his geese are swans; but no great harm is done: you can always make allowances for the temper of a man who shews his temper fearlessly, whereas your man of good taste, who is afraid to praise and stabs only in the back, would mislead you seriously if he could lead you at all. And yet, in spite of all this openness, and of a vivacity that never flags and a touch on the pen that never bores, the fact remains that at the end of the book you see no deeper into Hyndman or his friends and contemporaries than you did at the beginning, though you have had a long and entertaining conversation about them. That is, if you already know your Marx and have got over the great Marxisian change of mind—the great conversion which made a Socialist of Hyndman. If not, the book may be the beginning of a revelation to you. But if you know all that beforehand, the book will be to you a book of adventures and incidents, not a book of characters.

This will not surprise anyone who knows that there is a specific genius for politics, just as there is a specific genius for mathematics or dramatics. Hyndman is a born politician in the higher sense: that is, he is not really interested in individuals, but in societies, states, and their destinies. Apparently he did not care a rap for his own father; and it may be doubted whether he would care a rap for his own son if he had one; but he can see no faults in the Social-Democratic Federation, the ugly duckling which has well-nigh ruined him. He vituperates Mr. John Burns, from whom he got no new political ideas, quite callously; but there is enthusiasm, almost tenderness, in his account of Marx, though Marx quarrelled with him, and strove far harder to injure and discredit him than Mr. Burns did, even under the strongest provocation. The explanation is that Marx widened his political horizon as no other man. Hyndman began with the nationalism of Cavour and Mazzini: he ended with the internationalism of Marx. After Marx there was nothing to discover in the sphere of pure politics except methods; and for methods Hyndman has no patience, no aptitude, and no qualifying official experience. He never went on from the industrial revolution to the next things—to the revolution in morals, and to the formulation and establishment of a credible and effective indigenous Western religion. There is not a word in this book to indicate that the contemporary of Cavour and Marx was also the contemporary of Wagner the artist-revolutionary, of Nietzsche the ethical revolutionary, of Sidney Webb the pathfinder in revolutionary methods, or of Samuel Butler, the founder of the religion of Evolution. Hyndman played the flute and played duets with Mrs. Meredith without troubling himself about Wagner; dismissed popular religion as superstition and fraud, and was too glad to be rid of it to see any need for replacing it; and found the current morality quite good enough to furnish him with invectives against the injustice and cruelty for which he honorably loathed capitalistic society. His book, though nominally brought up to 1889, really stops with the enlargement of his political conception of the world by Marx, and with his founding of the Democratic Federation. He half promises to bring his history up-to-date in a future volume; but what has he to add, except a record of his own impatience with the Fabian Society, the Independent Labor Party, and the other bodies and movements which took the tactics of Socialism out of his hands, complicating and obscuring his splendid Marxist vision with all sorts of uncongenial details, and elbowing out his poor but devoted disciples with—as he considered them—all sorts of uncongenial, lower-middle-class snobs and heretics?

It is not easy to reduce so exuberant a personality as Hyndman's to a type; but, roughly, we may class him with the freethinking English gentlemen-republicans of the last half of the nineteenth century: with Dilke, Burton, Auberon Herbert, Wilfred Scawen Blunt, Laurence Oliphant: great globe-trotters, writers, *frondeurs*, brilliant and accomplished cosmopolitans as far as their various abilities permitted, all more interested in the world than in themselves, and in themselves than in official decorations; consequently unpurchasable, their price being too high for any modern commercial Government to pay. On their worst side they were petulant rich men, with perhaps a touch of the romantic vanity of the

operatic tenor; and, as the combination of petulant rich man with ignorant poor one is perhaps the most desperately unworkable on the political chess-board, none of their attempts to found revolutionary societies for the advancement of their views came to much. One of the things Hyndman has never understood is the enormous advantage the founders of the Fabian Society had in their homogeneity of class and age. There were no illiterate working-men among them; there were no born rich men among them; there were no born poor men; there was not five years difference between the oldest and the youngest. To Hyndman the acceptance and maintenance of such homogeneity still seems mere snobbery. He took up the democratic burden (as he regarded it) of working with men and women not of his generation, not of his class, not of his speed of mind and educational equipment. When the Fabians refused to involve themselves in that hopeless mess, he despised them. He even says, wildy, that they killed Morris by their refusal, just as the Unionists say Mr. Asquith killed Edward VII. The Labor men knew better. They did not join the Fabian Society; but they made good use of it.

Still, the struggle with incongruity and impossibility on which Hyndman entered in 1881, though it has involved a fearful waste of his talent and energy, had something generous and heroic in it. In the Labor movement the experienced men will allow Hyndman no public virtue save this, that he has kept the flag flying—the red flag. And there are so many men who have every public virtue except this, that the exception suffices. Hyndman is still Hyndman, still, head aloft and beard abroad, carrying that flag with such high conviction that the smallest and silliest rabble at his heels becomes "the revolution." And outside that rabble there are still some friends, though he himself cares for nobody and nothing but the last act of the tragedy of Capitalism.

G. B. S.

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suspicion and dislike ; and if one was always watching Europe and the other was always watching Italy, each of them spent a good deal of time and trouble in watching the other. Fortunately, as Mr. Trevelyan says, "the mass of the nation supported both Cavour and Garibaldi, and it was this that saved the situation." If either Cavour or Garibaldi had had his way completely their common aim would have been defeated. Cavour wanted to annex Sicily in June, and if he had succeeded, the Great Powers would not have permitted him to attack either Naples or the Papal territory. Garibaldi wanted to attack Rome in October, and if he had been strong enough to do this he would have brought Napoleon the Third into Italian politics, and his achievements would have been wrecked. So nice was the equilibrium of forces which Fortune had to preserve if Italy was to be saved that it was one of the lucky accidents of the time that Garibaldi was strong enough to thwart Cavour, and that Cavour was strong enough to thwart Garibaldi. "The principle of audacity and the principle of guidance, both essential for successful revolutions, had each in 1860 an almost perfect representative," and Italy, it may be added, owes as much to their competition as she owes to their co-operation.

The combination that delivered Italy presents scarcely greater anomalies and irregularities than the combination that sought and wished to prevent the creation of an Italian kingdom. When King Francis II., son and political heir of the infamous Bomba, learnt that the capital of Sicily had been wrested from his armies and his fleets by Garibaldi and a thousand volunteers, he felt that the time was come to appeal to Europe. But to what Europe? Was he to look East or West? To look East meant more repression ; to look West meant a Constitution. Fortunately for Italy, Russia and Austria were both under the shadow of defeat, and Francis's most powerful counsellor, the Bavarian Queen Maria Sophia, and the veteran General Filangieri, agreed in desiring reform and toleration in Naples. Accordingly, Francis turned west, to France, and at the end of June, acting on Napoleon's advice, he published the Sovereign Act, recalling the Constitution of 1848, granting Home Rule to Sicily, under a Prince of the Royal House, and announcing that an alliance would be made with Piedmont. The tricolor flag floated over the public buildings ; political prisoners were set free, and a Ministry of Moderate Liberals assumed office. This Ministry wished to preserve both the constitution and the dynasty, two incompatible loyalties, for everybody took it for granted that if Garibaldi was crushed, the constitution and the tricolor would not last twenty-four hours. "After all," says Mr. Trevelyan, "there had been a Constitutional Ministry in 1848, and shortly afterwards the principal ministers were serving their time in irons. It was this supreme consideration which made real loyalty impossible for any man, however much he cared for the dynasty, if he also cared for the constitution. No one except the reactionaries really wished to hear of a victory over the men who were in name the national enemy, and in reality the national deliverer. It was for this reason that the new Ministers were so unwilling to take the offensive against him in Sicily, for no Cabinet can be expected to conduct a war with vigor, when a decisive victory would mean twenty years' penal servitude for each of its members." Thus, the immediate effect of the belated adoption of a Liberal policy was to paralyse effective resistance to Garibaldi. When the Royalists made their final rally behind the bastions of Capua, three months later, it was the old Bourbon flag, and not the reluctant tricolor, that gave its last inspiring summons to the forces of reaction.

Such was the state of the Bourbon Government. What of the other Governments concerned? Napoleon, so far as that child of mood and fancy could be said to desire any definite end, wished (1) to see the Bourbon dynasty continue on the mainland as a constitutional State, under French direction ; and (2) to preserve his good relations with England. The English Government was represented by Lord John Russell, who was steeped in the principles of Fox, and had to support him, in defending the cause of Italy against the Court, Palmerston, Gladstone, and a strong, popular enthusiasm. Italy had thus one firm and powerful friend, and it happened also that the British representatives at Naples and Turin were both able men, of strong Italian

sympathies—a fact of the greatest importance, seeing that a Foreign Minister who wanted to help Italy needed all the daylight he could get if he was to avoid injuring her by very pardonable blunders in the mists and fogs that enveloped the schemes of Cavour.

Mr. Trevelyan's volume is like a very fascinating novel with two plots which run in and out of each other. Garibaldi and his fighting and surprises and romantic adventures are the centre of one ; the centre of the other is Cavour, intriguing and planning in order to keep this difficult and suspicious Europe from learning the truth in time to break into his schemes. It is no wonder that he once remarked to a friend, "If we had done for ourselves the things which we are doing for Italy, we should be great rascals." The most difficult of his tasks was that of persuading Europe that he did not want Garibaldi to cross the Straits and invade the mainland, while preventing Europe from doing anything that would interfere with the invasion. At first he had supposed it possible to acquire the Kingdom of Naples for Piedmont without invasion by Garibaldi, and, of course, he would very much have preferred that this should happen. But he learnt his mistake, and he set about making the necessary arrangements in good earnest in the latter part of July. He sent Garibaldi two messages : one a written message from Victor Emmanuel, requesting him not to cross the Straits ; this, of course, was a blind to Europe, and especially to France. The same messenger, Count Litta Modignani, carried a letter in Victor Emmanuel's own handwriting, which ran as follows :—

"TO THE DICTATOR GENERAL GARIBALDI.

"Now, having written as King, Victor Emmanuel suggests to you to reply in the sense which I know is what you feel. Reply that you are full of devotion and reverence for your King ; that you would like to obey his counsels, but that your duty to Italy forbids you to promise not to help the Neapolitans when they appeal to you to free them from a Government which true men and good Italians cannot trust : that you cannot, therefore, obey the wishes of the King, but must reserve full freedom of action."

There was no risk as far as Garibaldi was concerned that this scheme would miscarry. But Cavour learnt just in time that the imposition he was practising on Europe was in great danger of betraying his chief friend into a step that would be fatal to the conspiracy. Napoleon wanted England and France to combine to hold the Straits of Messina against the passage of the Garibaldians. Lord John Russell, taken in by Cavour's public protestations, thought he would be obliging the Government of Piedmont and serving the cause of Italy if he concurred in this policy. Cavour heard of this in the nick of time, and arranged for Sir James Lacaita to go on a secret visit to Lord John to undeceive him. Lacaita found Lord John closeted with the French Ambassador, but Lady John Russell, who was ill in bed, saw him in answer to an urgent entreaty, and sent down a message which brought her husband rushing upstairs expecting to find her suddenly worse. The interview was decisive, and the British Government reaffirmed its loyalty to the doctrine of non-intervention. But the greatest thing that Cavour did in these anxious months was characterised, not by serpentine wisdom, but by rare courage and nerve. That was the invasion of the Papal States in September, an act which Mr. Trevelyan describes as "the greatest example of his political genius." "It was a defiance of Austria, of the whole Catholic world, and of the whole diplomatic world except England. . . . Perhaps no other statesman, fully alive to the facts, would have dared a venture so hazardous, and certainly none could have carried it through with such perfect nerve and skill." Cavour had one piece of luck. His emissaries caught Napoleon taking his holiday at Chambéry, the prize of his last effort for Italy, and still smarting under the foolish coldness with which the Pope had lately treated him. Napoleon was disarmed, and the problem before Cavour was thereby simplified. What he had to do, and what he succeeded in doing, was to destroy the Papal forces and join hands with Garibaldi before Austria could make up her mind to attack. (He took measures with Kossuth for a Magyar rising if Austria should declare war.)

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London : EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 and 43, Maddox Street, W.

crossing of the Straits in August, and the final battle by the Volturno in October. Garibaldi contrived, by a feint, to keep the Neapolitan cruisers watching at the Faro while his two boats stole across from below Taormina to Melito, a distance of thirty miles. The Battle of the Volturno, the last of Garibaldi's great feats of war, has a special character of its own, as Mr. Trevelyan points out, partly because Garibaldi was on the defensive, and partly because here he was handling some 20,000 men. The battle lasted two days, and at many points the issue was extremely doubtful. Mr. Trevelyan's vivid description, with excellent plans and photographs, enables the reader to follow the operations, in the course of which Garibaldi was as nearly as possible ambushed, without difficulty. It was preceded by some days of careful watching of the enemy by Garibaldi from the same Monte Tifata, from which Hannibal had watched Ennius. The battle saved Naples from the Bourbons, but the Royalist forces were still secure in Capua, and the fate of Italy was not decided until the arrival of Victor Emmanuel's army. Mr. Trevelyan tells the story of the famous meeting. ("Saluto il primo Re d'Italia." "Come state, caro Garibaldi?" "Bene, Maesta, e Lei?" "Benone.") and also of the less gracious incidents that followed Victor Emmanuel's slights and omissions were all put to the credit of Cavour, who had done his best to prevent them.

So far Fortune had made a pet of Italy. Suddenly her mood changed. The world would have been none the poorer if Garibaldi had not survived the great event of which he, more than any single man in the world, was the cause and the glory, for the next twenty years added nothing to his fame, but no one can ever measure the loss that Italy suffered a year later when Garibaldi's great accomplice and rival was cut off in the very prime of his superb intellect.

THE ART OF YVETTE GUILBERT.

"Struggles and Victories." By YVETTE GUILBERT and HAROLD SIMPSON. (Mills & Boon. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Art of Madame Yvette Guilbert has been an enigma from the beginning. And perhaps it was they who explained it minutely who, in reality, obscured it most of all. It has been called perverse, exotic, anything in the world rather than *vécu* in its simplest and non-literary sense. Art is ever inexplicable to the artist, but so far as the source of her inspiration is concerned, Madame Guilbert has revealed that very clearly in her "Struggles and Victories."

Consciously, this strangest of all the realists endeavoured to do in her own way what Zola, Goncourt, and Maupassant were doing in theirs. But long before that she had been sub-consciously learning this realism of the schools as but very few in the whole history of art had ever learned it. For generations, we, in England, have been accustomed to the delectable pathos of poverty. But it must be poverty arranged in strict conformity to the tradition of Heaven for the front pews. A plump, blonde child, for example, is offering to some decent little outcast a steaming cup of some well-advertised beverage. A poor woman, her rags manipulated into a colorless inoffensiveness, is praying for a lady in a Bath-chair whose footman has given her twopence. The examples are endless, but are all significant of the same mixed *motif*, insomuch as the spectator is asked to admire the bounty of the well-fed quite as much as to pity the hunger of the unfortunate. To see the poor of the under-world in the atmosphere of the under-world, that is what Old England has steadily declined to see, and that is what Madame Guilbert has been seeing from her earliest childhood.

From the time she was twelve years old this great artist has earned her own living. Her father gambled every centime of his earnings, and allowed his wife and daughter to support themselves as best they could. During the summer months bead work kept them from actual starvation; "but when the winter came, the cost of food and lighting proved too much for our slender resources, and we were left without any money to pay the rent. My father refused to come to our assistance, and we were compelled at last to sell every stick of furniture except our beds. Three of us, and nothing but the beds we slept on!"

But living in this way, cramped by poverty, denied every gleam of life's sunlight, insulted, brow-beaten, Yvette had commenced the real apprenticeship of her art. She was listening all the time to the submerged soul of Paris, realising the inarticulate cries of those beneath shame, studying the gestures of want and the untaught grimaces of hunger. And love stories came to her, too, love stories of the weak as well as of the strong: "Dès l'âge de 14 ans j'en entendais de toutes sortes! car sitôt ma mère sortie de l'atelier, elles ne se gênaient pas de raconter leurs amours, leurs joies, leurs peines. Ah, j'en ai entendu des histoires de séduction, des rêves finissant dans des regrets haineux!" At eighteen she felt old with the knowledge of life. In all her youth nothing had been draped for this sensitive and mordant intelligence. For her, there had been no gloss over the bitter vitality of this seething Paris. It is no wonder that when her turn came, and she could speak out from the depths within her, she did not arrange any deserving dummies as substitutes for the real figures of crushed humanity, with whom she had so long rubbed thin, starved shoulders.

Yes, one must study the fascinating pages of this book if one can ever hope to understand how it is possible for this graceful lady in evening dress to utter every nuance of the sombre *raillerie* of Montmartre. It is memory that gave her that magic touch which throws life into one knows not what huddled something born of the miasma of Paris. Others had distilled the perfume of their art from the flowers of beauty; this artist has drawn hers from the very refuse heaps of outraged humanity. There, too, was passion and pain, and inarticulate resentment, inchoate revolts as of some dog snarling in his dreams. Take, for example, the shiver of "La Sodarde." How would we have experienced it in this country, which has so long associated pity with hat-touching, and justice with the terrible censoriousness of Hogarth? For Madame Guilbert, the old woman staggering beneath the rotten cabbages, is neither a subject for a magic lantern lecture, nor for a police magistrate's rebuke. She is neither arranged decently for pity, nor pilloried for shame. But she lives; even the blurred dream within her flashes into sinister consciousness. Children insult her, hurling at her at once the garbage of their souls and of the gutters:—

Sensible à ce brutal affront,
Du sang lui coulant sur le front,
Ell' se retourne et les regarde,
La Sodarde."

What is this secret of art which can reveal such life in one long look? Is it not the secret of Montmartre itself? And are not the memories of Montmartre also the eternal memories of this great artist, who, in the opinion of so many, has passed beyond them? Be this as it may, one man, and perhaps one man alone,

"Ung povre petit escollier
Qui fust nommé François Villon."—

has shared her secret. He, too, divined without censure the secrets of outcasts, and stabbed derisively at comfortable, condemning consciences. He, too, in the inner sense, was born of Paris. He, too, preserved always his right to smile doubtfully at all things under heaven, except, at odd times, when regret for some too fugitive illusion pierced through the last mask of all. His, also, was the right to see with mocking eyes what lay beneath the padding of opulence and rags alike. Old Paris is dead, but its soul, François Villon, lives again in the heart of this most "modern" and "exotic" artist.

MR. CONRAD'S NEW NOVEL.

"Under Western Eyes." By JOSEPH CONRAD. (Methuen. 6s.)

The title of Mr. Conrad's novel is an artful one, presenting an apologia within a definition. "I cannot pretend to any complete understanding of these people and their baffling actions," the anonymous English chronicler, "a teacher of languages," seems to say to us. "I can only narrate what happened, following Mr. Razumov's diary, and my experiences with the Russian exiles in Geneva." Of course, this anonymous chronicler is merely a blank screen on which

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Mr. Conrad projects a series of psychological analyses of his people's deeds, moods, and temperaments. But the effect of his evasive, artistic method is artful in the extreme, reminding us of those ingenious puzzles which fall suddenly into place with a click. It is only when we look back that we recognise what a perfect whole has been framed of these imperfect parts. If to Western eyes his material seems to be eked out here and there with guess-work, to be fragmentary and puzzling, the artist has wrought it into meaning curves and a highly original pattern.

The hero, Kirylo Sidorovitch Razumov, a Russian student, the illegitimate son of Prince K——, is confronted one evening, when he returns to his rooms, by the apparition of a fellow-student, Victor Haldin, who has that morning thrown a bomb and assassinated the famous Minister of State, M. de P——. It is a weakness of the story that Haldin should be made to entrust his life, not to his comrades, but to the hands of a man with whom he has no real intimacy; but he is a Russian, and, after all —! However, Mr. Razumov, a hard-working, ambitious, and reticent young man, becomes a prey to terror lest he should be implicated in the crime, and to a ferocious and unreasoning hatred of Haldin, whom he is driven to shelter. His attempt to get Haldin safely away that night is frustrated by the drunkenness of the sleigh-driver, Ziemianitch, "a true Russian man," and Razumov, in his frenzy of fear and disgust, after thrashing the drunken Ziemianitch to a jelly, has a reaction and goes straight to the house of Prince K——, and betrays Haldin to the police. Haldin is arrested the same night, after leaving Razumov's rooms, and hanged in due course. Razumov's share in the business is only known to Prince K—— and to the high police officials; but rumors gradually spread and crystallise among the students that Razumov has acted a "heroic" part, and this illusion is fostered by the manœuvres of the secret police, who, after feigning to arrest him, despatch him on a "mission" to Geneva, to ferret out details of a plot. Razumov is thus between two fires. In Geneva, fate has it that he has now to confront and to comfort the bereaved mother and sister of the man whom he has, unknown to them, betrayed to his death, and also to outwit the circle of revolutionary exiles who welcome him with open arms as a "heroic figure."

It is in these scenes of Razumov's life and moral struggles in Geneva that the irony of Mr. Conrad's method gathers weight and velocity like a wheel set rolling downhill. In Parts I. and II. we see him skilfully arranging his chess board, in Part III. the drama of Razumov's "moral revolt" coalesces with a corrosively bitter etching of types of the revolutionary party, such as the famous Feminist, Peter Ivanovitch, his companion, Madame de S——, Laspara, the philosophic anarchist, the sinister Nikita, slayer of gendarmes and spies, but himself another Azev, and so on. This merciless picture, which is as formidable in its indictment of the revolutionists' claims as the figures of Prince K——, General T——, and Councillor Mikulin are destructive of the Autocracy's pretensions, would seem vindictive art, had not the author introduced into the group the admirable figure of Sophia Antonovna, a woman Nihilist of the old school, who recalls the heroines of the early 'eighties. Razumov, in his unwilling intercourse with these chiefs of the circle, is ravaged by a whirling anxiety of fear, contempt, hatred, malice, and self-loathing. It is a psychological study of cynical pride sustaining the hollowness of self-disillusionment, and throwing up volcanic, fresh defensive waves of lava, that is offered us in Razumov's portrait. The study is very special, and to the English reader, who knows nought of Dostoevsky, and is touchingly ignorant of his own soul's dark places, may seem a nightmare of hallucinations, but in fact, within its narrow lines, it is illuminating in its pathological truth. The artistic intensity of the novel lies, however, less in the remarkable drawing of characteristic Russian types than in the atmospheric effect of the dark national background. With almost uncanny adroitness, Mr. Conrad has both relieved and increased the blackness of his picture by the rare, precious figure of Natalia Haldin. How he has managed to concentrate in a few "impressions," conversations, and confidences the essence, profoundly spiritual, of this exquisite type of Russian

womanhood, is worth the closest examination; but he has attained a degree of fineness that is extraordinary. The poignancy of the position of the bereaved mother watching for the arrival of her dead son is much heightened by the ironical fact that Haldin, in his last letter to his sister, has commended Razumov as "a man of unstained, lofty, and solitary existence." In a few passages, such as on page 133, this irony is thrust home too obviously, but the author soon retrieves this false step. In other passages the bitterness and irony of the artistic treatment seem to ignite in a flame to light up the obscurities of this drama of ignoble egotism and impure motives. It is, however, in the suggestiveness of the national background of the illusions of frustrated and blighted generations, stretching ominously like a gloomy curtain behind the figures in the drama, that the author's special triumph lies. Readers of "The Heart of Darkness" will recall Mr. Conrad's special power of concentrating and blending the tragic essence of human stupidity and human futility with a poetic description of a place and an atmosphere. In "Under Western Eyes" he has concerned himself exclusively with flying aspects of Russia's mournful internal history, which many of her chief writers associate with deep-rooted vices in the national blood. And he has artfully underscored the stigma by skilfully placing his fanatical and impotent circle of "reformers" against the bourgeois placidity and indifference of modern Switzerland. There is something almost vitriolic in Mr. Conrad's scathing rejection of the shibboleths of humanitarian lovers of their kind, and we confess to an enjoyment, positively indefensible, in such perfect little scenes as the one where we see the tortured Mr. Razumov seeking solitude on the little islet, "a perfection of puerile neatness," where stands the exiled effigy of Jean Jacques Rousseau!

There are pages, indeed not a few, where the talk between the characters seems a little strained, or obviously arranged for the particular purpose of the drama. But such flaws escape clean from the memory when we reach the last chapter of Razumov's confession of his crime to Miss Haldin, and, later, to the circle of exiles. The sinister force of the last twenty pages has the effect of a thunderbolt cleaving the brooding, sultry air. Here Mr. Conrad is at his best, and many of his pages may be placed by the side of notable passages in Turgenev and Dostoevsky, to both of which great masters Mr. Conrad bears affinities and owes a debt.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"*The Historic Christ in the Faith of To-day.*" By W. A. GRIST. (Melrose. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. GRIST'S volume is an attempt to harmonise the Christ as he is revealed to us by historical inquiry with the traditional Christ of ecclesiastical doctrine. The Christ of historical inquiry is a distinctively human personality, gifted, if the miraculous narratives of the gospels are accepted, with supernatural powers; but not more so than the patriarchs and prophets of the Old Testament. The Christ of ecclesiastical doctrine is, on the other hand, although his humanity is admitted, essentially a God, the second person in the Trinity, the Creator of heaven and earth. If the miraculous narratives of the evangelists are assigned the same position as the miraculous narratives of other religions, or as the ecclesiastical miracles of the Middle Ages, the human characteristics of the Christ of history become still more manifest, and we are confronted with a still deeper gulf between the ecclesiastical and the historic Christ. Is it possible to bridge over the gulf, at present so vast, between the traditional beliefs of the church and the conclusions of historical investigation? In other words, can we identify Jesus of Nazareth with the second person in the God-head? It cannot be said that Mr. Grist meets this question full in the face. He opens out a variety of points of view, now leaning on this side, now on that, and finally leaving the matter very much where it was before. Here is a characteristic passage: "Are we dealing," he asks, "with the apotheosis of a man, or with the incarnation of a God? Is it the humanising of a deity, or the deification of humanity? Is it a sonship by adoption, such as all

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

Dr. Edwin W. Alabone's Treatment.

All physicians are perfectly aware there can be no infallible cure for a specific disease such as Tuberculosis, which has well been designated the White Plague.

Not only in England, but in all parts of the globe, medical men have vainly endeavoured to find a "cure" for this terrible disease, and the very fact that in their endeavours they have used and lauded an enormous number of drugs and methods diametrically opposed to each other has doubtless led to the large number of unscrupulous persons who with an utterly worthless treatment prey on the credulity of sufferers who become their victims. Space will not allow us to go into details of even a tithe of the remedies which from time to time have been promulgated as a cure for consumption: inoculation with serums and antitoxins, inhalations of noxious fumes, open-air sanatoria, and others too many to mention, have all proved ineffectual for the aim in view, viz., "cure."

Seeing this, we bring before the readers of THE NATION a treatment of undoubted value as a **cure** for Consumption. We refer to that as practised by Dr. Edwin W. Alabone, of Highbury. That gentleman, very many years ago, after having absolutely cured some thirty cases of Pulmonary Tuberculosis which had been given up as perfectly incurable, gave up the very large private practice which he then enjoyed, and decided to devote his energies and time exclusively to the study and treatment of Phthisis, and at the present time we think it can fairly be stated he enjoys a reputation for accurate diagnosis and for successful treatment which is unique.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that many thousands of cases of Consumption, given up as incurable, have passed through his hands, with the result that in a very large percentage the disease has been perfectly eradicated, and they are now pursuing their ordinary avocations in perfect health; they were not picked cases (as is now so demanded by sanatoria authorities), but in all stages of the disease, and their positions in life from the highest to the most lowly.

It will probably be said statements are not actual proof. Quite so; but ample proof is forthcoming as to the accuracy of these statements, both from the medical profession and laymen, who substantiate our remarks in every detail. A short time ago there appeared in the "Medical Times" an article entitled "The Therapeutics of Pulmonary Tuberculosis," by G. Chandler, M.D., who, referring to the Alabone Treatment of Consumption, stated: "In 1877 one, Edwin W. Alabone, M.D., F.R.M.S., M.R.C.S., of Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, England, startled the doctors of Great Britain by stating that he had cured, was curing, and could continue to cure, 'Consumption.' The profession scoffed—the consumptives believed; and Alabone, in a few years, was able to exhibit a list of 'Cured patients and patrons' several yards long. Lord Bishops, right reverends, dukes, lords, and simple baronets, swore that Alabone was curing Phthisis. At least a hundred 'reputable practitioners' attested to the same thing. The fame of the 'Alabone cure' spread, and in Brussels Alabone was presented with a diploma, ribbon, and decoration of the Red Cross, after having 'cured beyond peradventure' several consumptive citizens of that burg. Doctors in other countries adopted his methods and succeeded extraordinarily. Honours and wealth came to him from all over the earth; but the Council of the R.C.S. derided the man and his methods, and expelled him from the college! Still the people who believed they had been

phthisical and were now whole adhered to the man who had cured them, and in 1898 Dr. Alabone published the thirty-fourth edition (one hundred and forty-six thousand) of his book, 'The Cure of Consumption,' dedicating it to a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Medicine, and naming (by permission) several score of the best doctors in England as believers in, if not users of, his methods. Surely so much smoke could not rise without some fire. Every great discovery has been bitterly opposed; so hundreds of thousands of educated people regarded Alabone's treatment as specific, and the man himself a martyr-benefactor." Dr. Chandler then asks the momentous question: "What is the most rational method of treating Phthisis Pulmonalis?" His reply must, we think, be absolutely convincing to the most sceptical person. It is this: "I am inclined to believe that if each man who asked that question could secure from a given treatment **one-tenth** the results Alabone and his followers obtained, he would unhesitatingly term it the only rational method."

This verdict, coming from a physician who, being pre-eminently capable of forming a correct and unbiased opinion, is unanswerable, and clearly proves that the "Alabone Treatment" is a positive cure for this dread malady. Nor is Dr. Chandler alone in his eulogy: Dr. J. Dawson, M.D., &c., sent a case of Consumption very far advanced to Dr. Alabone for treatment; he watched the result with much interest, and, in writing to a medical paper, reports upon it as follows: "I was very glad to see notice has at length been taken of the treatment of Phthisis and Tubercular disease by Dr. Alabone's treatment. From personal observation of more than one case which was pronounced 'incurable' by well-known consultants, I can bear testimony to the very great relief and **total disappearance of the disease**. I trust the time is not far distant when his discovery will be unanimously adopted by our profession—Yours, &c., J. Dawson, M.D., L.R.C.P."

Dr. Christian, who was himself afflicted with Consumption, after trying all other methods, gave himself up to die. Hearing of a case successfully treated by Dr. Alabone, he resolved to place himself under his care, which he did with the happiest results. He also wrote to the Press regarding his cure as follows: "Sir,—I was under the professional treatment of Dr. Alabone, and during that time received the greatest benefit from it. I was placed on the retired list as 'unfit for further service owing to Phthisis.' Thanks to Dr. E. W. Alabone's treatment, I have now been actively engaged in practice for six months **in good health**.—Yours faithfully, J. Christian, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., London."

A. C., M.D., M.R.C.S. Eng., J.P., &c., a physician at a well-known seaside resort for consumptives, called Dr. Alabone in consultation to a case of advanced Phthisis, with a large cavity in lung. His remark to Dr. Alabone was, "I am afraid your visit will be a fruitless one, as my patient has only a few days to live." Results, however, proved the inaccuracy of his prognosis; to his astonishment, the lady, under the Alabone treatment, commenced to improve; the improvement continued till she went back to her home in Ireland **perfectly cured, and remained so**. This physician has seen many other similar cases, and gives his experience in the following words: "I wish to add my testimony in favour of Dr. Alabone's method of treating Consumption. I have had the privilege of watching the progress of many cases of Phthisis under Dr. Alabone's care, and, from what I have seen, I have no hesitation in saying that his method of treatment is most successful. I have no doubt, if the treatment is commenced in reasonable time, that, *ceteris paribus*, a **cure must, in a large majority of cases, be effected**."

An immense number of precisely the same experiences could be quoted from other physicians, but space prevents. We hope, however, shortly to advert to the subject again. These, however, are quite sufficient to give the sufferers from Consumption very good reason to hope; for it is plainly evident that although Dr. Alabone states his treatment is not infallible, yet it holds out the greatest possible chance of **cure**.

In "The Cure of Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh," by Edwin W. Alabone, M.D. Phil., D.Sc., Ex-M.R.C.S. Eng., Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, full particulars will be found of his methods. He is also the author of many other works, notably "How the Cure of Consumption is Suppressed" (1s.), being a long correspondence which took place in the "Times"; "Infamous Conduct" (6d.), "Facts Regarding the Open-Air Treatment of Consumption" (1s.), &c., all of which should be read by people interested in the subject.

believers are attaining to, or of an eternal nature and right? The modern tendency is towards simplification by getting rid of all dualism and identifying the humanity of Jesus with his divinity. . . . At the same time we do justice to the apostolic ideal only when we attribute to Christ a state of pre-existence with its concomitants of personal volition and choice. The New Testament is full of the idea of an incarnation rather than the conception of deification. . . . For many minds the correct attitude towards this problem must honestly be agnostic; many others will hold that the matter is still *sub judice*; to others, again, the theme will seem closed to speculation, and open only to faith. . . . Whether true or not, the Pauline and Johannine conception of the Incarnation of a Divine Person is full of ethical and religious inspiration." Mr. Grist's volume will be of value to many readers as a book of meditations; but it can hardly be described as a solution of the problem he set out to answer.

* * *

"Great Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting." By W. BODE. Translated by MARGARET L. CLARKE. "The Library of Art" Series. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)

THIS translation of Dr. Bode's volume, "Rembrandt und seine Zeitgenossen," was published two years ago by Messrs. Duckworth, and we welcome its re-issue in the same form, but at a lower price and with a slightly different cover. We understand that the whole series to which this was one of the most noteworthy contributions, has now been re-published at the reduced price of 5s. (instead of 7s. 6d.); and, judging by the volume before us, there is absolutely no lowering of the standard of production, which, even at the former price, was remarkably high. Dr. Bode's work needs no fresh eulogy, and we may content ourselves with congratulating the publishers on an enterprising re-issue.

* * *

"Easy Parsing and Analysis." By J. C. NESFIELD, M.A. (Macmillan. 1s.)

THIS book is a useful introduction to English grammar and the analysis of simple sentences. The definitions of the parts of speech are clear and simple, the examples are chosen with care, and the examples for practice suitable for testing the pupil's knowledge. Another useful feature is the appendix, which treats of the auxiliary, defective, and anomalous verbs. These always form a difficulty to children in the lower forms, but Nesfield's short explanations should make it easier even for young children to understand the use of these forms.

* * *

"Sinai in Spring." By M. J. RENDALL. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

TOR, the quarantine station for the Meccan pilgrims, lies about 140 miles south of Suez, and is the more convenient of two possible starting points for an excursion into the region which Mr. Rendall calls "the best desert in the world." From Tor, accordingly, he set forth on a fortnight's travels, having for his chief objective a sight of the historical Sinai, and a sojourn at the Greek convent of St. Catharine. For part of the way he had European companionship; but on his return journey there was only his Bedouin escort. The details of his equipment are fully set forth, and the day-to-day record of his wanderings contains a good deal of information which should be useful to prospective excursionists in this little-explored district. He waxes indignant over the lax régime at the monastery, though he found the monks amiable; and the austere beauty of the landscape on the high plateau of the Sinaitic range evokes his keenest enthusiasm. Nothing very exciting happens; he appears to have fared well on a restricted commissariat, and to have avoided successfully all the unpleasant happenings that might befall one on so venturesome a voyage. The narrative, however, is sufficiently picturesque to be pleasant reading.

* * *

"Spindrift and Sanddrift." By MARSHALL N. GOOLD. (Allen. 3s. 6d. net.)

INSCRIBED upon the cover of this book is the legend: "Mr. Goold has written a book quite reminiscent of 'Three Men in a Boat.'" There have been so many imitations of Mr. Jerome's early effort, and they have all fallen so far short of the original, that this claim for Mr. Goold did not impress us too favorably at the outset; but happily he is not too faithful a disciple. The worst that can be urged against his effort is that its quality is somewhat

uneven. The first portion is occupied with sketches of life aboard a liner bound for the Cape, and we are disposed to think that the author shows in these the best of his literary power and the quaintest of his humor. When he and his two companions land at the Cape, and proceed up country on the usual tourist round, the humor at any rate begins to grow thin. We feel that the author must be badly fatigued when he finds the motive for a funny story in the confusion of "aunts" with "ants," and "damming" with "damning." However, his reflections on visiting the De Beers and Witwatersrand Mines have some psychological value, and throughout the book the futile happenings are accompanied by a kind of grinning philosophy which makes them easier to digest.

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FOLLOWING upon the Board of Trade returns for September, which showed a definite and encouraging rally—though some part of it may be due to a rise of prices—there is this week fresh evidence of the soundness of the home trade; for the "Labor Gazette's" figures of employment for September are not only better than in August (the great strike month), but decidedly better than a year ago. The railway traffics, another very good index of business activity, continue very satisfactory, so that altogether we may fairly count on a prosperous winter, if only employers and trade unions can keep the peace. In the Stock Markets there is evidently a strong undercurrent of buying by investors; but speculation is kept in severe check by the nervous state of foreign affairs. The big rebellion in China threatens, not only the Manchu dynasty, but the European investor who has put a lot of money lately into Chinese railway loans. And, of course, there is always the fear that Russia and Japan may be drawn into the trouble, though neither of them can afford a policy of expansion. Even more alarming is the growing possibility of a general *melée* in the Balkans, now that Servia and Bulgaria are responding by mobilisation to the activity of Turkish troops on their frontiers. Paris and Berlin are equally anxious for the conclusion of the new Morocco Agreement; but the improving prospect of better relations between Great Britain and Germany supplies a ray of light in an otherwise gloomy sky. Caution in the Money Market has been emphasised by French imports of gold. The Bank of France is clearly dissatisfied with its gold reserve, in view of the heavy demands now being made upon it. Apparently there has been a tendency among the thrifty and watchful French peasants to hoard gold ever since the Moroccan trouble became acute. Yesterday's bank return was a satisfactory one, and the experts consider that unless foreign affairs take a still more unfavorable turn, we may get through the autumn on a four per cent. rate.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

American Industrials, in which (with the exception of the Steel Corporation) British investors are but little interested, have suffered a very severe slump of late, owing partly to Government prosecutions of Trusts, under the relentless guidance of Attorney-General Wickesham, and partly to fear of heavy reductions of the Tariff. Most of the Industrial Shares of the United States, as well as of Canada, represent capitalisations of the Tariff, and this explains why the defeat of Reciprocity gave some encouragement to the Stock Exchanges of Montreal and Toronto. But British investors should beware of Canadian Trusts, and of Canadian shares generally; for prices seem to be unduly high, especially as the wheat crop (though large in quantity) has deteriorated grievously through several weeks of cold and wet weather.

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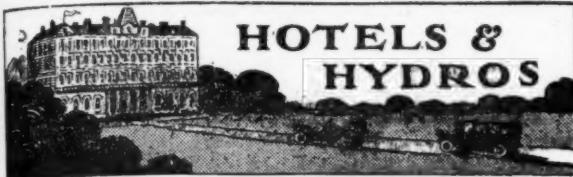
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